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FROM THE FUND OF
CHARLES MINOT
CLASS OF 1828

Under the Bowdoin Pines

Under the Bowdoin Pines

over plans and prospects for the year. The Freshmen, unfamiliar with each other and their surroundings, looked timidly about, in search, as it seemed, of the bolder spirits among them, who should dare to organize resistance to the tyranny of the newly-emancipated Sophomores. The latter, omnipresent and noisy, circled about among the scattered groups of Freshmen as a hawk above the prey it has already devoted to destruction.

On the outskirts of the shifting crowd a few members of the Junior class had met, and fallen into a brisk conversation. At first they talked of their summer outings and their pleasure at getting back to the old college again. Then their thoughts and their words turned inflexibly to the inevitable topic, football. Nothing else can long command the attention of college boys during the early weeks of the fall term.

"What is the team doing, Laurie?" asked some one of a stocky, well-built fellow, who was a 'Varsity player, and had been back in Brunswick for a week with the football squad.

"Well, said Laurie, in a non-committal manner, "there's some good material back, of course, and I think the Freshmen will turn out two or three good men. But there's some awful holes to fill up in the line."

"Why, the line is all back except Morrison, isn't it?" inquired another.

"No, it isn't; and that's the trouble. Morrison was the only one to graduate, but Stearns has had

[illegible] Bowdoin Pines

[illegible]OND COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES OF
[illegible]IFE AT BOWDOIN COLLEGE WRITTEN
BY BOWDOIN MEN

Selected and Published by

JOHN CLAIR MINOT

OF THE CLASS OF 1876

1907

[illegible]

Augusta, Maine

Laurie, who was a very capable half-back, and the probable captain of the eleven next year, seemed deeply affected at the mental picture he had summoned up of the yawning chasm at left tackle. He shook his head despondently, and moved off in the direction of his room.

The four or five boys who had been listening to him separated, and mingled with other groups, where they found the unexpected blow which Billy Swift's parents had cruelly dealt at the football eleven's prospects the universal topic of conversation. It was generally held that Mr. Swift, who was an alumnus of the college, had proved himself an unworthy and degenerate son of so glorious an Alma Mater. College boys can find little excuse for parents who are not proud to emulate, during the football season, the spirit of the Spartan mother, whose parting charge to her son concerning the uses he should make of his shield, has become historic.

That same evening two of the group to whom Laurie had communicated the sad intelligence, were still discussing it in their room in Winthrop Hall. One of them was David Larrabee, whose father, Judge Larrabee of the Supreme Court of the State, was also an overseer of the college. The other was his roommate, Fred Eastman. They had brooded all day over the enormity of the conduct of Billy Swift's parents, and they characterized it to each other unsparingly. The Swifts lived a hundred miles and more away, but if there is any truth in the old superstition, their left ears must have burned furiously that evening.

At last they talked themselves out, and sat like two exhausted volcanoes smoking harmlessly. Eastman picked up a Physics and began to turn its pages listlessly. David seemed to be thinking deeply. Finally he spoke.

"Fred," said he, "I think I shall go out with the football squad to-morrow."

Now David was but a slender youth, of rather delicate health and very inferior eyesight. He greatly enjoyed witnessing athletic sports from the grand stand, but a less athletic fellow was not to be found in Bowdoin. The gymnasium was his abhorrence, and an occasional game of tennis, very badly played, was the most he could be induced to do for his physical development. So his roommate looked up from his Physics and smiled indulgently.

"What's the joke, Davy?" he asked. "Spring it."

"There isn't any joke about it. I'm going out with the football squad, I tell you."

Eastman looked very grave as he got up, laid his book down, and walked over to his roommate. He placed his fingers upon David's wrist, and counted the pulse beats audibly.

"He doesn't seem to be feverish," he announced presently, "and except for this ridiculous hallucination, he seems quite sane and composed. He is probably under hypnotic influence," and Eastman began making passes in imitation of those gestures which hypnotists are supposed to make about the heads of their subjects.

"Quit your fooling, Fred," said David, a little crossly, "and listen to me. I have been thinking of that crisp one hundred dollars that Papa Swift gave Billy for not playing football, and I have hatched a plot against my father's bank account. There is an overseer's meeting to-morrow, and he will be here to attend it. I shall exhibit myself to him in a canvas jacket and moleskins, and if necessary I shall actually get out and play with the scrub. Father knows perfectly well that if I ever played in earnest I should be killed or maimed for life, and when he sees my slight anatomy tossed about the field a little, his paternal heart will bleed for me. I am, of course, madly bent on winning fame on the gridiron, and I hope that he will find it convenient to dissuade me from risking my life in this reckless manner by the offer of one hundred new one dollar bills. What do you think of that for a scheme?"

"It sounds very pretty, Davy, and I've no doubt it will work if your father takes you seriously. But somehow I don't think you will be a very convincing figure in a canvas jacket."

"Not to you fellows, perhaps, but he won't know the difference. It's worth a trial, anyhow."

And a trial it got. The next afternoon, as Judge Larrabee left his brother overseers at the steps of Memorial Hall, and started across the campus toward his son's room in Winthrop, he was aware of a singular object issuing from the door of the old dormitory, which bore some distant resemblance to David. The face was David's face indeed, though the hair was

all in disorder, and the eyes, without the glasses to which they were accustomed, stared forth without much speculation upon a vague and misty world.

The garments which the object wore were such as the Judge had never before seen upon his son's form. The rough canvas jacket, grimed with the dirt of many a hard-fought field, hung loosely upon his spare shoulders, and his slender calves issued timidly from heavily-padded trousers of wholly disproportionate circumference. The Judge could not repress a smile as he looked upon his first-born, but he shook hands with David in a matter-of-fact way, and asked him where he was going in that remarkable costume.

"Over to the athletic field, sir," said David, highly pleased at this opportune encounter. "I am practicing with the football squad now."

"Hm!" said the Judge, doubtfully. "Isn't football rather a rough game for a boy of your physique, David?"

"Oh, no, father," replied David, hastily, "I don't think so. You see light and active men are the kind they want back of the line."

"Is that so? Well, my son, I think I will walk over to the athletic field with you, and watch the game for a few moments. I have nothing else to do, and as I can't make a call on you in your room I may as well see for myself what a light, active man like yourself can do."

David's plan was working splendidly. As he walked along with his father he explained the critical position in which the football team stood in conse-

quence of the loss of Morrison and Billy Swift, and Big Nichols and the others. He had also a good deal to say about his ambition to be a crack halfback, and he described at some length the dangers and difficulties which beset the path of the aspirant to that distinction. He concluded with great spirit by declaring that he would rather break an arm or a leg in making a play which won the game for his college, than to walk off with all the class honors on Commencement Day. Judge Larrabee listened attentively, but said little, and David thought he looked somewhat worried.

It was fortunate for the new recruit to the football squad that he came upon the field with his father. Out of consideration for him the boys didn't say a great deal when the apparition was discovered among them, but contented themselves in doubling over in spasms of mirth which were not wholly simulated, and conferring upon David the singularly inappropriate nickname of "Beef," which clung to him throughout his college course.

David prudently refrained from exposing his lack of proficiency during the practice, and stood by his father's side, explaining carefully all the most perilous situations in which a player could be put. When the first eleven "lined up" against the "scrub," David did not push himself forward, and it was not until the hour was nearly over that the coach called him out and stationed him behind the scrub's rush line. The coach prided himself upon never passing snap judgment on a man, and always giving new

material a chance to show what it was worth, no matter how unpromising its appearance.

"Now, then, Larrabee," he called out sharply, "take Morse's place, and mind your signals."

David's heart was beating wildly, and he was trembling with nervousness. He heard little and understood nothing of the string of numbers and the plays they stood for, which the coach was pouring into his ear. He heard the boys along the side lines laughing, and he knew what they were laughing at. He began to wish he hadn't chosen such a desperate means of getting a little extra pocket-money.

"Close up there, Scrub," yelled the coach. "Beattie, you're off-side. You'll lose ten yards for that if you don't get back."

"Steady, 'Beef!' We're all watching you!" came from a shrill-voiced, impertinent Sophomore on the side-lines; and David clenched his fists, determining to have revenge on that youngster when he got out of his clumsy togs.

"Fifteen! Twenty-one! Ninety-seven!" sung out some one, and the next moment the ball was coming straight for him. To his dim vision it looked as large as a nail keg. He stretched out both his arms as if to encircle one of the big pine trees which fringed the field.

Then all was dark and something struck his chest with fearful force. He judged it must be the ball, and tried to clasp it in his arms. Vaguely he saw the forms of men bearing down upon him from all

sides. He turned to run, and again he neard the impertinent Sophomore shouting: —

"Go it, 'Beef!' They'll never catch you!"

The next instant he felt himself borne to the earth. Somehow or other the ball was exactly beneath him, and as he fell the pit of his stomach came into immediate and forcible contact with it. Every particle of breath left his body, and he was only dimly conscious that the weight upon his back was increasing, until it seemed as if he were lying under the corner-stone of the chapel.

When the heaped-up pile of humanity, or inhumanity, was dragged apart, David lay at the bottom, pale, and gasping for breath. He was helped to his feet, and there he soon regained his breath, but became conscious of a sharp pain in one of his ankles. He limped about a little, and then said he guessed it hurt him too much to play any more. He felt faint and miserable enough, but the thought of the one hundred dollars revived him.

"It's as good as made," he said to himself, as he limped around on his insecure ankle. "I'm sure that down has done the business. And I've earned it if ever a man did! I thought I was killed when that howling mob fell on me. Catch me playing football again — not much."

"That's enough for to-day," sang out the coach, and the crowd along the side-lines began to disperse. David saw his father's high silk hat conspicuous among the throng of golf-caps, and did not stop to receive the sympathy the other players were ready

enough to give him. He hobbled slowly and painfully toward the hat, wondering if he looked as woe-be-gone as he felt.

Judge Larrabee was waiting for his son with a bland smile illuming his countenance. As they met he reached out a welcoming hand, and smote David warmly upon the shoulder.

"Splendid, David!" he exclaimed, with more enthusiasm than he was wont to display. "I didn't dream you had so much pluck, my boy! Keep at it — it's just what you need. It will build you up famously, and it's a good manly game, too. I'm delighted to find you take so much interest in it!"

"Thank you, father," said David, despair written large upon his brow. "I'm glad to find you don't object to my playing."

"Object! Certainly not. It's the best thing you've done since you came to college!"

The Judge spoke warmly, and David smiled a wan smile which was intended to denote gratification, but which missed the mark widely. He wore a slipper on one foot for two weeks, and has talked disparagingly of football ever since. The Judge, on the other hand, is much disappointed at the sudden cooling of his son's ambition, and still insists that if David had not become so easily discouraged he might have made an exceptionally brilliant performer, "back of the line."

HENRY SMITH CHAPMAN, '91.

THE AWAKENING OF COLTON, '92

COLTON, Bowdoin '92, sat in his office and thought things over. He had been working all the hot day long on a suit for damages brought by a poor woman against her criminally negligent landlord; and as he hunted for parallel cases in the L. R. A. and glanced through the State Reports he found that he was quizzically interested in doing his best — so interested he admitted with a grin that he had stayed in town on this dreary Fourth of July to work. That was not his usual way of doing things. Of course he was interested enough in the law as a gentleman lawyer should be; but he was also interested in golf and sailing and his luncheon at the club and his evening at the casino. He did everything tolerably well, many things very well by fits and starts. Perhaps that was why ten years out of college he was just where he had been when he graduated. And he shrugged his shoulders as a whim of fancy made him remember that on Commencement Day all his friends and relatives even to the tenth generation had prophesied for him untold fame and future brilliancy no end.

"I'm one of those fellows," he said half aloud, as he left his office to go in search of a witness in the East End, "who can do all sorts of things if they only want to, but who never want to."

It was unquestionably dreary in town that afternoon. Colton did not pass a soul he knew, except his office boy who grinned sheepishly as he went by with his best girl. The Common was wholly given up to Italians and socialistic orators in shirt sleeves; and to Colton the very air seemed oppressive with holiday cigar smoke curling lazily aloft in honor of freedom. It took two good hours to find the German saloon-keeper whose testimony was of importance; and then the German was suspicious and stupid and the saloon stuffy and full of foreigners celebrating the nativity of the land of promise. However, the quest was quite worth while, and as Colton thought over his case he smiled as if he were already victor.

On his way back Colton reflected that he was not only interested in the suit from a legal standpoint, although there were several pretty points about it; but that he was positively angry, a rare thing for his indifference. The corporation which he was suing had stored in a small tenement it owned explosives used in blasting for a new building: because, forsooth, storage money could thus be saved and the law comfortably avoided. There followed one day an explosion; and a poor mother came back from work to find her two children burned to death and her home gone. Some years before when Colton had been in the Law School she had done his washing for him; and now helpless she came to him for advice. Of course Colton offered his services freely. He was generous enough at heart for all his bachelor

and professional selfishness; and knowing that the accident was but an unusually severe example of a common enough negligence, he went to work gladly.

He worked long and earnestly that evening and it was beastly hot. After he had his case ready, he lay back in his chair and rested. On the desk was a copy of the Commencement *Orient*. He picked it up to look at the register of his class. Thirty of the fifty-three had been back; and of the other twenty-three four were dead. And of all that number there were only five or six who had not in the ten years managed to turn out well, to land on their feet, as the world says. Two were already university professors; three were county attorneys; and one was well-known in civic reform all over the land. And yet Colton knew well enough that in college no one had been more brilliant than himself, had had more capabilities within himself.

"Yes, the Kid was right"—the Kid was the only man in his class Colton cared a snap of his finger for —"I've laid my talent neatly away and buried it fathoms deep."

Then began a severe self examination. Colton reviewed his life from the time he graduated: how beginning with an easy indifference and finding that in the law school of a large university small colleges are often neglected, he had almost utterly renounced his allegiance. He posed as a University rather than as a Bowdoin man; rarely mentioned even the name of his college and drifted along without thought of her influence on his life. Then one day early in

June he had had a letter from the Kid telling of the tenth reunion of the class and begging him to "be there with the other fellows." And so Colton went to Brunswick. At the class dinner he found he was much out of it. He overheard himself called a snob and admitted the reasonableness of the remark. He listened to the others talk over athletics; and found that the only time he cared for them was when he was on the ball nine and had to be coaxed into pitching the game against Bates. There were several of his classmates whose names he did not remember; and for a while he felt he could sympathize with the man without a country.

But the next morning when he marched in the Commencement procession in the warm sunlight and heard the class yells from all sides of the campus, he began to think that he really belonged to something big. When he went into the church to hear the youngsters speak, he felt a thrill of something akin to loyalty as he contrasted the parts with the exercises of a big university which he had attended the week before with the sister of a senior, and found that Bowdoin was not altogether wanting.

It was not, however, until the Commencement dinner that Colton found himself. Never having thought of its significance he wondered why he was so moved by the unison of the old college hymn:—

"Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw
And which our fathers told."

Mighty deeds — performed of old — were there to be none in his day? And the graduates over there still in cap and gown with their blue-ribboned diplomas — will all of them keep their allegiance? And those men on the stage with gray hair and white hair, men who are known all over the country — busy men, men who do things — congressmen and judges and senators and authors — why should they give up important duties to come back here year after year, simply to speak over and over again their messages of loyal devotion? Surely the college must be more than sticks and stones and laboratories and lecture rooms.

And so when Colton took the afternoon train for Boston and fell in with some of his club friends it was with pride that he had told them — "I've been back to my college for Commencement. I'm a Bowdoin man, you know."

"Curious," thought Colton, as he locked up his office for the night, how this suit and the college are mixed up together. Two months ago I wouldn't have worked so hard. It sounds almost romantic — but the lady is quite old — 1794."

And the next morning when the office boy came in only five minutes late, he whistled at finding Colton already at work and wondered more as he heard the strange shibboleth:

> "And thanks to God and ninety-two
> Will thunder evermore,
> For Phi Chi is in her ancient glory!"

"If you sing before breakfast you'll cry before dinner, sure," remarked the observant youth."

A few minutes later some one came in to see Colton. The visitor was a middle-aged man, rather smug-looking, whose face seemed to Colton familiar.

"Colton, '92?" he asked.

"Yes, and I think I ought to know you."

"Saw you last week at Brunswick, didn't I, down at the Inn? You seemed pretty sober. I'm '82. We had a great time. Pretty fine about the new gymnasium is'nt it?"

"First-rate," said Colton.

"Look here, old man," went on the other, "I just dropped in to see you a moment. I hear you're going to sue us."

"You? What do you mean?" said Colton.

"Yes, us. I'm general manager of the Eastern Traction Company. Thought I'd tell you two or three things. It's no use, my boy, that suit you're bringing. We can't afford to lose it, so if you fight it out it only means time wasted by you and some money wasted by us. Now if you just let the thing drop, I'll see you get a good fee for what you've done already. And being a Bowdoin man, I'll turn some of our corporation business over to you. I'll come in this afternoon again. I've got to hurry along now."

"Look here," said Colton warmly; but the other had already left the office, and when Colton got to the door the corridor was empty.

To Colton that call was like a slap in the face from the hand of a friend. For a few moments he was staggered. Then he grew wildly excited. He

paced up and down the floor, to the annoyance of the office beneath him and to the amazed terror of his errand boy. In another hour he was quiet and ready with his answer.

When the General Manager, '82, came in at two o'clock, Colton, heard him attentively.

"It will be all right, won't it, Colton? The President of the Eastern backs me up and told me to go ahead with you. There are three or four other suits something like this we'd be glad to have you settle for us. A nice, easy compromise saves us money, so we can pay good-sized fees. And if you'll only go to work and do something, Colton, I might get you put in as one of our corporation counsels. I'm on the lookout for young Bowdoin men; and I like a fellow like you who doesn't go all to pieces about sentiment. So if you'll kindly withdraw the suit and pay the woman fifty dollars, I'll have those other matters turned over to you in a fortnight."

It was soon Colton's turn. He spoke rather slowly and quietly, as he remembered he had spoken once and for the only time in his course when his fraternity in college had done something of which he was ashamed.

"Do you know," he said, "I haven't seen very much of Bowdoin men the last ten years and I don't know them as well, perhaps, as you think you know them. But until today, I've never come across one who did not speak and act fair. Of course I won't take your offer — of course I despise you for thinking that there is another Bowdoin man as unfair as

yourself. And now," he went on even more quietly, "I'm going to fight this case out, not only for the sake of my client, for money doesn't pay even a poor woman for her two sons — not only for the sake of my profession — and if this wasn't the first time I've ever spoken this way it would be cant; but just as much for the sake of the college. She can't afford to have such men as you using her name in your business."

"O very well, Colton, you can fight if you want to. Only a good many would call you a fool for letting slip the chance of doing corporation business. And you're still very young."

* * * * * * *

It was a hard fight and a long fight and a nasty fight. Bucking a corporation is no fun even for a lawyer of reputation, and it was no fun for Colton. There were appeals and delays and many vexations of spirit. In time the case became well-known in legal circles, and even the great outside public shared for it that strange passing interest which from time to time is displayed in things purely technical. There were columns with double headers in the newspapers; and once Colton was amazed to see his picture in the *World's Weekly* within the entirely significant and utterly hopeless department called "Men of the Hour!" At his club Colton was known and even introduced to strangers as 'our chivalrous young lawyer;" and many other times, too, did he wish that the suit and everything connected with it was at the bottom of the deep

blue sea. Yet when all was said and done, there was but one way for the case to be settled, and Colton won.

One evening late the next spring, Colton sat in his office as he had done on that Fourth of July night; reviewed the year with an almost impersonal interest and thought of the long, wearying fight. Suddenly he was back again in Memorial Hall, in the midst of his classmates, and as from a great distance he heard one of Bowdoin's big men speaking in that half sarcastic, half earnest drawl, words whose truth experience had approved. "Fame is a curious thing. Fame is largely a matter of accident. If you happen to be where you can do a thing well or people think think you do it well, you get the fame which others might have got under the same circumstances. But whether her graduates have won fame or not, for some reason or other Bowdoin has managed to graduate men." And Colton had a strange feeling that he had reclaimed his right of allegiance.

KENNETH C. M. SILLS, '01

THE STORY OF A COLLEGE CLOCK

SAY, Jack, why don't you get a new clock? That one is a disgrace to the college." And Hal from his comfortable position on the couch emphasized his remark by throwing his James' Psychology at the obnoxious timepiece.

Jack wheeled around from his desk where he was writing a letter, and cast a withering glance at his classmate. "That clock," he began slowly and with all the Senior dignity which he was capable of assuming, "is of too high a degree of beauty and excellence for you to appreciate. It is more accurate than the sun-dial on the campus, and I would not swap it for the clock in the Science building tower. Besides it has a remarkable history."

"That's right," chimed in Tom who was pouring over a German scientific treatise in his corner. "I'll back up all Jack says about that clock."

Hal Bates looked at the clock and laughed with all the capacity of his big lungs, and in his merriment he was heartily joined by the three or four other fellows who were lounging away the evening in the hospitable room occupied by Tom and Jack. Small wonder that they laughed at the clock, for it was indeed a disreputable object. Originally one of those common little nickel clocks with an alarm attachment, it was now battered and dented all out

of shape, with no glass in its front, and its peg legs gone. It was swinging below a shelf in Jack's bookcase, to which it was secured by a wire around its mutilated alarm gong.

"It looks as though the goat got hold of it and gave it up for a bad job," ventured Leon, a particularly fresh Freshman, who was always on hand. He had goat on the brain about that time.

"Now if you fellows will only dry up," said Jack, "I'll give you a few points on that clock that will increase your respect for it." The crowd assumed the attitude of patient suffering which Jack's story-telling generally inspired, while he put his feet on his desk and began.

"Over three years ago, when Tom and I came to this room, we found that clock in the coal closet, covered with dust and rubbish. Of course we thought it was no use, and Tom threw it out the window.. It struck the hedge and rolled off into the ash-heap, and we thought no more of it. About half an hour later Fairbanks, who was then a Sophomore, came up and said he had a spare clock he wanted to sell us. We needed a clock and his seemed to fill the bill, so we paid him his price, only a quarter — I believe Tom furnished the quarter — and we added the clock to our household possessions. It was ticking away nicely and we were delighted with our bargain. A little later we discovered it was the same one we had thrown out the window to the ground, four stories below. We recognized it by a peculiar crack in the face, and, moreover, there was

no clock to be seen on the ash-heap. But we regarded ourselves lucky not to be stuck more than a quarter by the wily Sophomore, for we were almost as green then as you are now, Leon.

"Well, the clock did its duty perfectly, and by Sophomore year we actually began to brag how we beat Fairbanks in the clock trade. In the spring of our Sophomore year Tom and I had a housecleaning — don't smile that way, boys, I admit we haven't had one since — and while we dusted the mantelpiece the clock was placed on the sill of the open window. While it was there Tom somehow managed to hit it, and down it fell some forty feet, to the stone steps below. It struck with a crash that could be heard all over the campus, but it never phased that clock a bit. When I picked it up it was ticking away as calmly as if nothing had happened, and we put it back on the mantelpiece once more.

"Later I kept it on my desk so I could see the time without turning around. Tom has so many wheels of his own that he doesn't need a clock, anyway. One day Bob Ordway pushed his head in the door and asked for my football subscription. I had warned him I would shoot him if he ever dunned me for it again, but I had nothing to shoot with, so I picked up the first thing handy — it was the clock — and threw it at his head. He dodged and the clock struck the panel of the door and split it, as you can see there. It broke out what glass was left in the front of the clock and knocked off both legs, yet the clocked ticked on serenely through all the racket.

But it could not stand without its legs, so I tied a wire to it and hung it to my bookcase where it is now, and it kept perfect time as usual.

"One morning last fall, the alarm, for some unknown reason failed to work, and as a result we missed chapel. We also lost our breakfast, which injured our feelings more. At the same time Tom lost his temper, usually so angelic, and seizing the clock he hurled it out the window. It struck the frozen ground and rolled off into the ash-heap where it remained half buried, and Tom and I went off to recitation.

"That night when I came up from the mail I paused just before coming into the dormitory, and in the silence of the evening I could hear that clock ticking out there in the ashes. The sound smote my conscience, and it seemed cruel to leave it out there in the cold and darkness, but I steeled my heart against its pathetic appeal and went up to bed. The next morning Tom and I again lost chapel and breakfast, and we cursed loud and long, or at least Tom did, for you know I am not addicted to the habit. It did not seem like the same room with the old clock gone, and our consciences constantly reminded us that we had acted with base ingratitude toward a faithful friend. At times we almost felt as if we had committed murder. We did not have the heart to get a new alarm-clock, or else we lacked the cash, I don't remember which now, and thus things drifted on a few days.

"One evening when we came over from supper, Tom and I sat down on the steps to watch the stars.

Tom was confiding to me his latest love affair and, just as he was getting into the sentimental details, we were startled by a whirring sound in the ash-heap. Now I don't suppose you believe me, but it's just as true as gospel, that it was that alarm just going off."

With a world of reproach in their faces Jack's auditors were silently withdrawing one by one from the room.

Jack turned to Tom. "Now I suppose those fellows think I was lying to them, but every word I've said is true, isn't it, Tom?"

"Every word of it, Jack," declared Tom solemnly, as he arose and closed the door after the retreating forms. "And since we fished it out of the ash-heap that night it has gone beautifully, and the alarm hasn't missed a single morning."

"It's a wonderful clock," said Jack musingly, "and we'll save it for our sons to use when they come to Bowdoin."

"That's what we will," cheerfully assented Tom as he glanced at the photograph of a smiling, light-haired maiden on his desk.

Then he returned to his German treatise, and Jack resumed the interrupted writing of his letter, while the old clock hanging from the bookcase shelf ticked steadily on, and in its deformity was seen the semblance of a benign smile.

And from the hall outside came the discordant clash of a coal-hod as Hal and the other fellows played football with it up and down the stairs.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT, '96.

THE GHOSTS IN THE PINES

WORD that the Freshmen had a bit of friskiness on tap for that night had been passed along the Mysterious Eight (as we are wont to call ourselves). In the distribution of the watch I was detailed to patrol the pines from the Delta to the graveyard, betwixt ten and three o'clock in the morning.

I could have vanquished the whole Freshman class as I strode across the deserted Delta and into the wood, bravely dressed, armed with a pipe, a stout cudgel, and three months of Sophomore nerve. But I was arrayed against only an host of deathly stillness, that grew more formidable as the night wore on.

No signs of rebellion at twelve, and the moon not up, I betook myself to a friendly thicket, and lay down against a big pine. In considerable less time than a week I was "a guard asleep at his post."

What transpired in the interval I was not in a condition to notice, but what occurred later I fancy I shall remember for a considerable time. Just in the midst of a five-and-twenty-Freshmen-baked-in-a-pie dream, I was startled by an owl's long, hollow "*to-whit, too-whoo-oo,*" that echoed and reechoed through the pines and across the tombstones. Dismal and ghostly it sounded again and again. An icy chill stole down my limbs; a feeling that some terrible thing was about to happen possessed me.

Betwixt the thicket in which I was standing and

the burial-ground there was a bit of a clear space, mayhap twelve paces square. The yellow russet and the brown foliage of the spindly beech clumps and the scrub pine were all hoary and gray with the night frost. Turning my eyes in the direction of the last owl hoot, I saw something that chilled the blood in my veins and knocked the strength from my knees. Ye gods, a Freshman could have dropped me with a feather!

A group of four men, strangely clad, emerged from out the shadow of a hemlock, and directly a similar group put in its appearance from an opposite direction. They were nobly clothed; perhaps as my great-grandfather dressed in his days of romance. All wore leather riding-breeches, except a little old gentleman in black who carried a box of surgical instruments. Long military cloaks and slouch hats closely drawn over their faces concealed their identity.

After a brief consultation a single one from each party advanced to the center of the open, held a short speech with the other, and retired to his companions. With a simultaneous movement, two cloaks and hats tossed aside revealed a tall, dark gentleman, and a handsome, florid gentleman. The tall, dark gentleman had a thin, close-wrapped queue hanging over the double capes of his buff greatcoat. The curly red hair of the handsome florid gentleman was gathered together by a wee black ribbon upon the high collar of his bottle-green coat, buttoned close up in front with big silver buttons. High riding-boots protected the breeches of the one and buckskin spatterdashes those of the other.

The handsome florid gentleman seemed excited, and threw off his coat and waist-coat before a cap-and-gowned gentleman in the party produced the long green bag that he had concealed under his robe.

The tall dark man seemed not to hear the plea of the man with the green bag, but the coatless heard, was only more angered, and shook his head. Whereat the tall dark gentleman slowly and reluctantly stripped to his waist, save for a silk shirt beruffled at neck and cuffs. The man in the cap and gown took a pinch of snuff, and offered his box to each of the two gentlemen of the short speech in the open, who were now testing a pair of cruel-looking rapiers taken from the green bag.

The tall dark man gravely salutes the florid man, who sneers, does not return the salute, but sharply comes on guard. The long blades, shining in the moonlight, glide into confusion.

The red-headed man from the first casts aside all caution and springs upon his adversary, multiplying his feints and thrusts. The dark man, calm and melancholy, follows the flourishes of the other, parrying the furious blows seemingly without thought of offensive play. Suddenly the florid gentleman crouches, and feigning to slip, lunges like lightning at his opponent's heart; a thrust so quick that only by a desperate backward spring does the dark man escape. A tiny stream of red shows how nearly fatal was the stroke.

The tall dark gentleman smiles ironically, and

gently begins to return the play of the other. A shadow darts across his pale cheek as the florid gentleman presses him more closely and heavily, thrust following thrust in quick succession, and pricks him again savagely, this time a bit nearer the heart.

But the strength of the assailant is nearly spent in his fruitless charges. Realizing that terrible fact, he gathers himself for a last effort. Crouching like a panther ready to spring, bearing down the point of his enemy's foil with a quick thrust, he lunges with all his might for the vitals. The pale man parries the terrible stroke, but not hard enough to prevent its entering his shoulder. At the same time his own blue blade disappears to the hilt in the breast of the red-headed man, and the point comes out at the back. As the handsome florid gentleman falls, his foil bending breaks in half, and the point remains in the shoulder of the man who has killed him.

The tall dark gentleman stalked away from the fallen man, now assisted in his death by the little old man in black, with the surgical instruments. Drawing the broken steel from his shoulder the pale man made a mark with it in a ring cut in the very pine against which I had been sleeping. The other twenty-three marks in the ring seemed to grow suddenly brighter when he added the twenty-fourth.

I heard him mutter as he watched the ring and its marks shine out and then slowly deaden to gray: — "One hundred years come next leap year, aye, and

our ordeals will be no more. Ah, but my Sally was cruel to decide between us in such a fashion!"

When the gleam had burned out of the ring, I looked for the actors of this leap-year drama, but they were gone as mysteriously as they had come.

* * * * * *

In an old stone cottage on the Harpswell road, at which I stopped while sketching a fortnight afterward, a dear old lady, fancying my rough sketch of the cottage, permitted me to make a sketch of an old-fashioned brick oven and its fixings within the house. I did not finish the sketch, for my attention was drawn by a black-and-white silhouette of a tall man, with a close-wrapped queue, signed Randolph MacLeod, ex-Bowdoin, 1805. The rusty hilt of an Italian rapier, with half its blade gone, hung menacingly over the head. I asked the dear old lady was her Christian name Sally. She started, searched my face for the cause of the impudence, and hesitating, replied: — "My dear mother's name was Sally."

ROY LEON MARSTON, '99.

GETTING THE UPPER HAND

"PRINK" Brown's nickname came a long way round. During his Freshman year his senior roommate and great admirer, Jackson, a man who had elected Latin 4 and 7, dubbed him "Facile Princeps." This of course was too lengthy and soon became plain "Prink." Before he got through college all who knew him well agreed that the name was not inapt; for "Prink" did seem easily first in almost everything. He "made" the glee club Freshman year, was a first-class quarter-back, captained the 'varsity nine and "made" Phi Beta Kappa Junior year, and as a Senior had edited the *Orient* and "pulled" the '68 prize. More than all this, "Prink," so his classmates said, was a capital fellow.

It was nearing "Prink's" Class Day. He was sending invitations to his many friends and he did not forget his foster-mother, Mrs. Quiglan. He smiled contentedly as he sealed the envelope directed to her. How pleased the good old woman would be to receive the invitation. With what pride she would tell her neighbors that Jamie had sent her a real printed invitation to Commencement. Ah, Jamie was a smart, good boy in her eyes! "Prink," it must be confessed, felt a bit self-righteous that evening as he walked up from the station after post-

ing his mail; and he found himself repeating unconsciously the lines which years ago, when he was in the district school, his teacher wrote in his little red autograph album:

> "Think that day lost whose low descending sun
> Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

"The next Friday morning, however, "Prink" was not in so self-satisfied a mood. He found in his mail that morning answers to two of his invitations. One was from Helen Bond, the senator's daughter. She and her mother would be delighted to come. She was glad he was to give the "Farewell Address" and she must hear that Commencement part. Her brother Jack knew that it would take the Goodwin prize. They would come on the forenoon train. It got into Brunswick a little before twelve, she believed. "Prink" smiled as he thought of the handsome, jolly girl who was to share his Commencement pleasures with him. Ever since that vacation of Sophomore year, when he had spent Christmas with Jack Bond, Helen had been above all others the girl after his own heart.

His other letter did not please him so much. It was written in a cramped hand and ran like this:

"DEAR JAMIE

Your old mother was pleased to death to git your invitation and i sed at once ile go. ile come down on the trane monday that gits into Brunswick Mary Jones sez at about half past leven. be shure to be at the cars for i cant tell where to go. i shall shurely come rane or shine.

Your loving mother
MARY A. QUIGLAN.

N. B. ime fixing over my clothes. ive put those yellow hammers wings that you shot last summer on my black bonnet and ive darned the moth holes in my pasley shawl so it will look nicely. ime now going to brush up my black alpaca polenay that i had when father died."

Had Mrs. Mary Quiglan seen her Jamie's face when he read her acceptance of his invitation, it would have cut her to the quick. Never had he dreamed of such a possibility as her coming. Yellow hammers' wings, the old black polonaise, and the patched Paisley shawl! What would the fellows think? Yes, and Helen, and her mother, too. A proud woman he knew she was. He laughed in despair as he thought of the senator's tall proud wife and the ignorant shabby little woman — his guests — coming on the same train.

There must be some way out of the difficulty. His mind all day was running over the possibilities. Sickness, sudden call out of town, neither of these was at all feasible. What would become of the "Farewell Address" which he had always wished to give? And the Commencement part? No, that would not do. To write Helen not to come was out of the question. With no decent excuse, he might, by so doing, spoil the happiness of a lifetime. In some way his foster-mother must be kept at home. But how was he to do it? He knew her strong determination. No ordinary excuse would do, he knew well. Not easily would the little woman pack away her black dress, give up her trip, and settle down once more to the dull routine of her daily life

Simply to telegraph her not to come was useless; she must know the reason; and that he could not give her; it would be like rubbing salt into a sore. Till late afternoon he puzzled over the knotty problem. Of a sudden he came to a decision. He was standing at his window looking over beyond the Art Building. The sun was "low descending," but now his album lines — perhaps unfortunately, — did not occur to him. The solution was an ugly one but it was the only way out. He must lie. He hated to do it; it was really contrary to his frank nature; but the happiness of the greater number, he told himself, demanded it.

For the last six months he had been talking, his mother knew, about going to Washington the next year to work in the Pension Department and study law. Only yesterday he saw a notice that the examinations were to be held June 22-26: It was a misprint, he knew, but it would serve his purpose. He hastened to the Reading Room and clipped the *Journal*. He then wrote a long letter to his mother and enclosed the clipping. She never read the newspapers; no college man lived near her; she would never know whether he had been to Boston to take the examinations or not. She would not know how long it would take; Boston was a long, long way off to her. And even if she did hear of his being at Commencement, he could explain how he had returned unexpectedly, too late to notify her. And then perhaps an excursion to the mountains or the islands would make all well.

His letter went on the midnight and "Prink" retired after a wearisome day. He went to sleep quickly but after an hour or two he awoke with a disagreeable start. He had been speaking his Commencement part and had forgotten. The Governor and the President were just behind him, the Trustees and Overseers and Faculty on both sides, and there in the gallery were Helen and her mother — Helen flushed and excited. And here was he standing still as stone and all his mind a blank.

How glad he was that it had been a dream. But what if he should forget? Would it not serve him right? "Do wrong; suffer wrong?" Did Emerson speak truly? Does Nemesis still keep watch in the universe and let no offence go unchastised? The thought awoke his mind and conscience. He ran over the events of his life almost as quickly as if he were a drowning man. They all stood out now so plainly. Father and mother dead, farm entirely mortgaged, no money, no relative, no friend to keep him from the poorhouse. He could recall how even at five he suffered chagrin at being a pauper. And then Mrs. Quiglan had come; she had known his father and mother; she herself was very poor, her husband sick, but she could not bear to have the little fellow stay there in that dreary place — a pauper. She had taken him and cared for him, — though she was unrefined and ignorant, — as best she could. Her own son could have received at her hands no better treatment. She had taught him "Now I lay me down to sleep." She had sat by his bed with

unwearying patience, and turned his pillow, and bathed his forehead through those long hot nights when he had the typhoid. She had worked hard to keep him in school, and how proud she was when he spoke the valedictory at his graduation and passed his examinations to Bowdoin. And now that little old woman with her rude, uncultured ways, bent figure, and knotty hands, with her old re-trimmed bonnet and black polonaise and Paisley shawl, wanted to take the trip of her lifetime and come to her Jamie's Commencement. And he was ashamed of her and had lied out of it. How small and mean he felt! What he had not seen in the broad light of day was now in the darkness of the night as clear as crystal. There was no more sleep for him that night, and just as the sun was coming up over the pines and making the dew sparkle on the lawn in front of the Science Building, he went down to the station and telegraphed home:

"Shall be here next week. Don't fail to come Monday.
JAMIE."

* * * * * * * * *

She did come on the eleven-thirty, and Helen with her mother, too. Crowded cars compelled the Senator's daughter and the little country woman to sit together; and long before they had reached Brunswick, Helen had heard the story of Jamie's life and she admired Mrs. Quiglan for the part she had played in it. With a woman's tact and intuition she made Mrs. Quiglan's Commencement week supreme-

ly joyous. And surely in the Church on the Hill no two people were ever more proud and happy than Mary Quiglan and Helen Bond when "Prink" Brown spoke his Commencement part on "Some Famous Characters in Fiction." With an earnestness which the audience did not entirely understand but which attracted them greatly, he depicted the baseness of the Tito Melema's character: "Gifted with many powers, young and clever and beautiful, he came at last to do some of the basest deeds — such as make men infamous. False to his freinds, disloyal to his country, he even deserted and left in slavery the man who had nurtured him in childhood and had been to him in the place of a father."

WILMOT BROOKINGS MITCHELL, '90

"ANNA, 1864"

MY classmate, Jack Raymond, was idly kicking his heels against the edge of the window-seat, and watching me pack my suit-case. It was the Friday afternoon of the Commencement Week which ended our Junior year, and the campus was almost deserted. Jack was to leave for his home in New York at a quarter of five, and I for mine in a neighboring city on the five o'clock car. Jack's suit-case was already packed, and his room locked, and therefore he had nothing better to do now than to take a last smoke in my room, and moralize a little on human affairs.

"I'll tell you what it is," said he, "you read about the trivial happenings that have changed the course of history, but you don't often get such an example of the same thing in the human life as the case I know of down in Brookham, where I spend my summers. Take a sensitive man, such as this man was, and a single slip may mar his whole life.

"This item in the Kennebec Journal tells of the end of his story:

> "'James P. Schoolton of Brookham, aged 60, was found dead in his chair at his home just outside the village, on June 18th. He had evidently died several days before. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College in the class of 1862, but had lived alone on his farm ever since graduation, and had avoided human intercourse for years.'

"Now the real story of that man, as my father has told it to me, is most pathetic. His existence was really the life-long expiation which he deliberately chose to make of a single error of his own, which had been brought home to a sensitive conscience.

"James Schoolton was two classes ahead of father, and during his Senior year roomed opposite father on the third floor of Maine Hall. Now you know that at the end of Sophomore year, in those barbarous days of required Mathematics, there always used to be a ceremonial called the 'Burial of Analytics,' when the geometries of the class were solemnly interred in the woods behind the old 'Temple.' On the evening mail, the night of the burial in 1862, my father received one hundred dollars in bank-notes, with which he was to square up his bills and get his ticket home. This came just after supper, and he tucked it into the top book on his shelf, before he went out to the funeral exercises of the unbeloved 'Anna.' He left the door unlocked because Jim Schoolton was doing a little reference work with father's lexicon. Ten or fifteen minutes later father found he had forgotten his own Analytic Geometry to place in the casket, so he asked his classmates to delay the ceremonies while he went up to get it. He found Schoolton bending over the pile of books on the shelf, but thought nothing of it at the time, although afterward he remembered it with unpleasant distinctness. 'Just getting through,' said Schoolton, 'so you may lock up when you go.' When father went down with his Geometry, therefore, he had the key in his pocket.

"The evening's exercises went off well, and father was pretty tired when he rolled into bed late at night. Next morning was a holiday, so he lay abed late. When at last he got up everybody in the dormitory was off, and everything quiet. As he was dressing he thought: 'I'll have to settle up those bills first thing, before the fellows are after me to stand treat with the cash.' He picked up the book in which he put the money, as soon as he got dressed, but the money was gone; and hunt as he could, he was unable to find it.

"The sad conclusion is only too evident. Father now remembered the furtive motions of Schoolton, the only person who could have had access to his room, and when later it was found that Jim had paid his term bills and board bills on the day after the 'Funeral,' with bank notes of high denomination, the circumstantial evidence against his honesty was too strong for father to doubt. He felt greatly pained, and resolved to give his friend a chance to square himself.

"He went to him that day, and told him what he had found out, but offered to forget the whole affair, if the culprit would confess his repentance and agree to pay it back when he should be able. Father never could explain Jim's action in reply. He knew him to be almost morbidly sensitive, and he expected an outburst of grief and repentance; instead, the fellow looked at him almost insolently, and said: 'John, you can't really prove I took your money; and yet you believe I did it?' That was all he

said,—and that was practically the last thing he ever said to my father or to any of his college mates, as long as he lived. Father tried to bring him to reason, but could not get another word out of him. He did not mention the theft to anybody else, but waited for the culprit to come around. He never did.

"All through Commencement he expected that Jim's conscience would bring him to terms, but either pride or obstinacy held him back. The latter went through his Commencement Week with hardly a word to anyone. He had always been taciturn, but such absolute silence was noticed after a time, and his classmates chaffed him at first, then they questioned; but finally they forgot it entirely, in the whirl of other interests. Schoolton had no relatives to see him graduate. He took his diploma, went home to Brookham, settled down on the farm with his old mother, and since her death has lived there practically as a hermit. The neighborhood at first of course made him the subject of an immense amount of gossip, but it was unable to puncture his reserve, and he soon became accepted as a fact on which discussion was useless.

"He never mailed or received letters, except occasional matter from the College Library or the Class Secretary, and this matter he invariably threw unopened into the stove at the post-office. I suppose that father and I are the only people who knew his real story, which sounds so much like a bit of fiction. Father of course was interested enough to keep

track of him, and after a time tried to bring about a reconciliation, but his letters were returned unopened. He expected for a time that the man's conscience was making him serve penance until the amount of the stolen money had been earned, and half-expected during the first year or so to receive it sometime through the mail; but the conscience did not impel the man to that particular action, but to a penance that should be life-long.

"He died last week, as I said, and father says he is going to tell the sorrowful story now to such of Schoolton's old college mates as may remember him, and to any other persons to whom it may possibly serve as a bit of warning against careless errors. His life promised during his college course to be noble, but it was all spoiled by the one error, and spoiled so uselessly, too; for the injured party would have pardoned the fault at once if it had been repented of then, and has long ago pardoned it unasked and unconditionally. Did you ever hear a sadder story?

"But I think I hear the whistle of the Flying Yankee which will take me back to 'home and mother.' Yes, it is twenty minutes of five already. Good luck to you, old man, for the summer; don't forget to write when you think of it." And with a handshake, Jack was off for the summer. I closed up the room leisurely, and within half an hour was on the way to my own home.

But I was not to be off the campus for a very long time. Construction of the new Gymnasiun, just

north of the Observatory, was to begin the next Monday, and I was to be the clerk and time keeper for the foreman of the work during the summer. The next week I had a desk constructed in the little shanty which the workmen built, and with this preliminary, began my labors. They proved to be not very arduous, and I put in more time watching the brawny Frenchmen digging the cellars than in writing at the desk in the sunny little shanty. I was a little proud of the French I had been laboriously acquiring during the last three years, and was anxious to practice it with the Canadians, who could understand my hesitating words, although their own language differed from the French of the books even more widely than mine did.

Good-natured little Xavier St. Pierre was my particular crony,—"Reddy," as the foreman dubbed him at once, because of his ginger-colored hair and sunburned face. Reddy was the father of seven girls and "one garchon-chi, jus' t'ree munt ole;" the oldest of the lot was only twelve years old, but the problem of providing for the brood never seemed to disturb him, and rainy days he stood in the shelter of the overhanging roof of the shanty and pointed with pipe between his fingers to lighter spots in the clouds quite as cheerfully as he puffed at the same pipe when carrying mortar to the stone masons when the sun shone.

It was on such a rainy day that Reddy told me that he had stubbed his toe the day before on a little gravestone, set flush with the ground just

beside the pile of rough stone dumped by the future front entrance of the gymnasium.

"Nonsense," said I "I don't believe they ever buried anybody out here."

"But I see it myself," said he "I hurt my foot on it, — so; it have somet'ing cut on it, — one, two, six letters," holding up his hands. Come, see."

Reddy's literary knowledge was limited, for he had been one of a dozen in the family up in Quebec, and he had been obliged to shift for himself as soon as he could walk.

I took my umbrella, somewhat curious to see what could be the cause of a gravestone out here on the back campus, and followed Reddy. Sure enough, there was a little stone, and cut in its face, not only letters, but also figures, — "Anna, 1864." I puzzled over its meaning the rest of the morning, and discussed with Reddy and the foreman whether some ghastly medical school relic were there interred, some pet animal, or whether it were but a surveyor's mark.

"Anyway, we'll see to-morrow," said the foreman, "for it's right where the door comes, and we shall have to dig it up."

My father, an old Bowdoin man himself, explained to me that night that the stone must mark the scene of one of the old funerals of "Anna-Lytics," although he was not aware that it had ever been customary to erect such substantial reminders of the ceremonies.

"It might interest you to be around if the work-

men have to dig it up," said he "for doubtless there will be interesting relics beneath it."

About the middle of the next morning Reddy came and called me to see the sepulchre bared to the light. A few moments of digging had revealed beneath the stone a stout hardwood box, painted black, which was but little rotted. It proved no easy task to lift it to one side, and while the workmen were getting a purchase upon it, I glanced idly at the gravestone overturned nearby. As I read again the words cut upon it "Anna, 1864," — there came into my mind the recollection of the conversation with Jack Raymond on the last day of the term just over. Sixty-four, the very class,— his father's class. Here was the very casket at whose obsequies his father assisted, on that evening in 1862 which had proved the turning point of one man's whole life.

It was with keen excitement, accordingly, that I seized a bar and pried off the lid of the box, as soon as the workmen had set it to one side and gone about their work elsewhere. Inside was a heap of Analytic Geometries, all more or less ragged, but still far from being disintegrated, besides some old newspapers and other miscellaneous memorabilia. After I had pulled them all out carelessly, it occurred to me to find John Raymond, Senior's, book, and send it to him with my compliments. I piled the books over more carefully, finding several names on title-pages which made the books bearing them well worth preserving, and finally, at the very bottom of the careless heap I had first made, I found the

book I wanted, evidently the top book of the pile as they lay in the box. There was the name on the title-page; "John Raymond, 1864," in a hand strangely like the familiar penmanship of his son in my clsss. I laid the book to one side without examining it further, piled the rest into the box, and was busied the rest of the day with checking some carloads of material which arrived from Boston.

The first chance I had to examine the books more carefully was that evening, when I brought down into the sitting-room at my home the bundle of books I had hastily selected from the box. The family gathered around with much interest as I untied the string, and handed to them the book bearing John Raymond's name first of all, since they were all interested in the younger John. It was mother who took the first good look at it, and with a woman's curiosity, she turned over the leaves one by one, to see what kind of book-learning the last generation had to cram into their heads. Suddenly she gave a little cry.

"Look what I have found!" said she. "I'm afraid Mr. Raymond must have been careless with his money." She held up a little bunch of old State Bank notes, discolored and tattered.

"Oh, mother!" said I, "mother, were those in the book?"

"Why, yes," said she.

"Then they must be the very ones,—didn't I tell you the story Jack told me? It can't be so,—but isn't it awful?"

With these ambiguous phrases I began and told the story Jack had told me. There could be no doubt of the real key to it now. It was a sober group that evening which discussed the combination of mistakes that had wrecked one man's life so uselessly.

That night I wrote a long letter to Jack, and sent him by express the book and the bank-notes. I heard from both him and his father almost by return mail. His father's letter was one that I shall treasure carefully, for it is an outburst of genuine feeling which shows of what stuff is made that cool-headed man of business and politics whom the world credits with little sentimentality. Mr. Raymond did not stop with words, however, but did everything possible to make the memory of his unfortunate collegemate, James Schoolton, honored by those who remembered him and by the world; and as I write I have before me the letter in which is tendered to Bowdoin College a princely fund to be added to the general endowment of the college, "without conditions whatever, except that it be stated appropriately on the records and in the catalogues of the college that the sum was given in loving memory of James P. Schoolton of the Class of 1862."

CLEMENT F. ROBINSON, '03.

THE THORNDIKE OAK

ON the college campus in Brunswick stands a magnificent oak of over a century's growth. The story of its planting is peculiar and interesting, and will long keep green and flourishing the memory of a member of the first college class of Bowdoin. In a conversation in 1873 with Dr. James McKeen, for many years a professor of the Maine Medical School, and a son of the first president of Bowdoin, he related to me the incident of the planting of this now famous tree. It was planted in 1802 by George Thorndike of Boston, a member of the first class entering at Bowdoin. The acorn from which the oak grew was found late in the autumn of that year among some oak twigs which had been used for the decoration of President McKeen's residence on the occasion of his inauguration as president of the college, and had been swept out on the very morning of the arrival of the first college class in Brunswick.

Taking the tiny acorn in his hand, and addressing his classmates who were loitering about the president's house waiting for prayers, young Thorndike uttered what proved to be a weird but true prophecy as to the future of himself, and of the tree whieh he was about to plant: "I have not," he said, "the genius or ambition to attain distinction in law, in medicine, or in the ministry, as some of

you may do; but I purpose to do what will perpetuate my memory when you and your fame are forgotten." So saying, he snatched a drumstick from the hand of Dr. McKeen, then a lad of four years, playing with his drum about his father's (the president's) premises, and punching with it a hole in the ground, deposited the acorn, covering it with his heel. That acorn sprouted and grew to a sapling, which was transplanted the following spring to one of the little plats of ground which President McKeen allowed the students for the cultivation of shrubs and flowers. The tree now occupies the same spot and has become a thrifty, wide-spreading oak, whose grateful shade covers many square rods of ground.

This prophecy, jocosely made by this young student, has been fully verified. He was one of a class of seven, all of whom have long since finished their earthly work and gone to their reward. At the age of twenty-one George Thorndike died in a foreign land, and sleeps beneath the snows of Russia. The other members of the class died at ages ranging from forty-two to seventy-nine. Yet the only one of that class remembered by the students or the alumni of Bowdoin to-day, is he who died so young and apparently without accomplishing anything of life's work.

This little acorn, deposited in the earth and grown into a magnificent oak. is to be a memorial which shall bless and perpetuate the memory of him who planted it, when all who graduated at Bowdoin shall have passed from earth, and the fame of her sweet

poet, Longfellow, of her delightful romancist, Hawthorne, and of many another of her distinguished alumni, shall have been dimmed by the lapse of time.

Above his cold pillow
No marble may rise,
Nor cypress nor willow
May tell where he lies;
Yet hearts have enshrined him
And love fondly keeps
An eye that shall find him,
Wherever he sleeps.

How important a lesson is learned from this little incident of our college. It is not the grandest achievements of our lives that will live the longest. It is the little deeds, which are done almost unconsciously, for which, if at all, we shall be longest remembered. If you have wealth, and desire to have your memory cherished and blest, do not build for yourselves palatial mansions or costly monuments of marble or granite, which will stand as memorials, rather of your vanity than of your greatness, like the Egyptian mausoleums erected with so great care and at such enormous expense, only to be robbed in later times of the bones of unknown and unhonored dead; but do something for your college or for humanity which shall bless your memory when you are gone, and be as grateful as the shade of that noble oak on our college campus.

This story of the planting of the Thorndike Oak I briefly related in an address at a reunion of the Bowdoin alumni of Eastern Maine, at Bangor, in

1879, a report of which was printed at the time in the Bangor papers. Mrs. Frances L. Mace, one of Maine's sweetest poets, who has recently fallen asleep in Oakland, California, seeing in the story a poetic thought, wrote the following poem (printed in her charming volume entitled "Legends, Lyrics and Sonnets"), which I transcribe from the copy of the book sent me by the author with a pleasant note, telling how she was inspired to write it:

Ye breezy boughs of Bowdoin's oak
Sing low your summer rune;
In murmuring, rythmic tones respond
To every breath of June.

And memories of the joyous youth,
Through all your songs repeat,
Who plucked the acorn from the twig
Blown lightly to his feet,

And gayly to his fellows cried:
"My destiny behold;
This seed shall keep my memory green
In ages yet untold.

"I trust it to the sheltering sod,
I hail the promised tree;
Sing, unborn oak, through long decades
And ever sing of me."

By cloud and sunbeam nourished well,
The tender sapling grew,
Less stalwart than the rose which drank
From the same cup of dew;

But royal blood was in its veins,
Of true Hellenic line,
And sunward reached its longing arms
With impulses divine.

The rushing river as it passed
  Caught whispers from the tree,
And each returning tide brought back
  The answer of the sea.

Till to the listening groves a voice,
  New and harmonious, spoke,
And from a throne of foliage looked
  The spirit of the oak!

Then birds of happiest omen built
  High in its denser shade,
And grand responses to the storms
  The sounding branches made.

Beneath its bower the bard beloved
  His budding chaplet wore,
The wizard king of romance dreamed
  His wild, enchanting lore;

And scholars, musing in its shade,
  Here heard their country's cry—
Their lips gave back—"O sweet it is
  For native land to die!"

With hearts that burned they cast aside
  These peaceful, oaken bays;
The hero's blood-red path they trod—
  Be theirs the hero's praise.

Oh, though Dodona's voice is hushed,
  A new intenser flame
Stirs the proud oak to whisper still
  Some dear illustrious name!

And what of him whose happy mood
  Foretold this sylvan birth?
In boyhood's prime he sank to rest;
  His work was done on earth.

Brief was his race, and light his task
For immortality,
His only tribute to the years
The planting of a tree.

Sing low, green oak, thy summer rune,
Sing valor, love and truth,
Thyself a fair, embodied thought,
A living dream of youth.

THADDEUS ROBERTS SIMONTON, '53

JULIAN'S APOSTACY

PROBABLY Julian could not have explained why he happened to be in a cheap New York dance-hall that lovely June evening. After six months of city life, he had grown unutterably tired of spending his evenings by himself, tired of the hot boarding-house and of the stuffy hall bedroom; and that evening he had made up his mind to have his fling. The big city was overwhelmingly depressing. It maddened him to feel that he was the tiniest possible atom in a gay, bustling community; and that not a soul for miles around would care if he should suddenly disappear from view forever. Then as he walked through Columbus Circle, it seemed that he had never seen so many people enjoying life together, that he had never been so much alone. And so when a pert, pretty girl, whom he vaguely remembered having seen somewhere or other, begged him to join a party that was just starting for an automobile ride, he had accepted with alacrity. The people, he soon discovered, were not exactly his sort; and it seemed queer for the moment to stop now and then at gaudy restaurants and have drinks all around. But then the two other men appeared generous enough; the girls were well dressed and high spirited; no one would see him; and if they did, what did it matter anyhow?

After a reckless dash up Riverside Drive and

down through the Park, in the course of which several policemen had been derided and several homicides laughingly avoided, the party repaired to Martano's Dance Hall there to wile away the small hours of the night. The driver of the automobile, a professional chauffeur off for the evening without leave, took the machine away; and Julian was left with his other comrade to look after three girls. He had a foolish, chivalrous notion that he should see the thing out to the end, that he could not act the baby and desert. And so he tried to play the game as well as he could.

Yet inwardly he was not at all at ease. To be sure he had not lived after the strictest manner of the sect at college; but he had gone fairly straight and had had his ideals of a certain kind. It was, then, small wonder that he felt hot and uncomfortable in the extreme. The crowd, dancing and singing and jesting and drinking, was not the kind that Julian had hitherto come across in his journeyings about Manhattan. It was not the 'Arry and 'Arriet crowd, nor the Coney Island crowd, nor the sentimental German beer-garden crowd, nor the familiar, but courteous crowd of the great East Side. It was quite different. And Julian was sickened by the cheapness and loud-mouthed vulgarity of it all. Over in one corner, a tall girl in black was leering at a spruce, prosperous little Jew. At another table an elderly man, not badly dressed, rose in his chair every few moments to begin in a thick voice "Ladies and Gen'le men, Fell'r cit'zens," only to be

promptly yanked back into his seat to rise again a minute later when the others at the table would demand in unison "Speech from the man with the red necktie! Speech from the man with the red necktie!" But most of the fun was not so innocent.

The music was entirely of the popular order. Now and again the long-haired youth at the piano would bang out "Marching Through Georgia," which somehow annoyed Julian a good deal — he didn't want to be reminded of anything connected with Bowdoin just then. He cared enough for music, too, to sympathize with the little old German violinist who, with a weary gesture, would lay down his fiddle now and then, as if a feeling for his art demanded some form of protest. While Julian was looking intently at him, irony or fate made the German play a pretty waltz that had been a favorite at the last Commencement hop. It was startling, to be sure: and, as he started to dance, Julian thought for a second of a very different scene where everything seemed to center about a sweet girl with very fair hair and very fair eyes, who was so frankly interested in everything connected with the college — who wanted to know just who was that old-fashioned man on the wall of Memorial with the white ruff and — "Ain't this sleek?" ended the sentimental meditation rather suddenly, and Julian was led off by his partner for another drink.

The atmosphere seemed to get more and more stifling. And do what he would, scattered thoughts of the college and of the campus kept surging and

resurging in his brain. He had only one idea now—to get out and breathe fresh air again. He felt like shouting "Let me go!" and of running with all his might into the street. But something kept him back. He would see the thing through now. He was no milksop. He was seeing life; and although there were a few people who should never know, particularly the girl in white with the blue eyes, what was the harm anyhow? Besides he was in New York, and not in a little, staid New England college town. The girl at his side wondered at his moody silence. She could not understand him; and she felt him slipping away from her control. "Come on, Johnny, let's dance again. Buck up, old merry horse!" and she held out her arms alluringly.

But suddenly the music stopped. Little frightened cries arose, and then loud screams. The room filled with smoke, and in a moment men, women, and musicians rushed to the darkened, narrow stairway. There was a mad trampling, a horrid panic. Julian had taken his partner bodily and thrown her down the stairs into safety. Then he stopped and did what he could to help the women. Every other man in the hall fought blindly for himself. The spruce little Jew was walking over the shoulders of the girls, and Julian took a grim satisfaction in hitting him savagely in the mouth as he passed. Even the good-natured man with the red necktie, foolish with drink, cursing and bawling, was elbowing his way forward. Most of the crowd got out in time, but the flames soon shot across the stairway and left a little group

in the middle of the smoke-filled room. Among them was the sprightly damsel in black, now praying volubly, and the white-haired musician. And they stood there, huddled together, crazed with fear.

Julian still had time to leap through the smoke and slide down the banisters but somehow he found that he just stayed. Then he remembered that earlier in the night he had gone to get some fresh air from a balcony window at the other side of the hall. There was his chance now; he must get out; it would never do to be caught in that wretched hall, and if the firemen got their ladders up promptly, escape would be easy enough. But instead of rushing to the window at once, he was carrying the women over one by one and dropping them on the balcony. Cries and cheers from without told him the firemen were beginning to do their share. But the smoke was more and more stifling. Only the little musician was left now, and Julian did not feel at all sure that he was still alive. Should he go back again? The thought that he must get out himself became stronger and stronger; he could not, and would not, be suffocated in that dirty hole; there were some people who must never know that he had been there. Yet back he went, half automatically, into the flames. It was terrible work now. His lungs weighed tons. He could not see, or hear, or scarcely breathe. But somehow he came across the body of the old man, dead or alive, he did not know or care, and he staggered with it to the window. "Saved as though by fire" — strange fancies ran

through his brain — a few words from Prexie's baccalaureate — "The college man must never desert in a crisis" — a passage he had once heard read in college of a poet's plunging through a wall of flame to greet his Beatrice — a big bonfire blazing on the old campus with his own name ringing in the cheers — then the hot shame of the memory of where he was, as if all the days and days of straight living had gone for naught; and through all the cracking of glass and the hissing of water, came a strain or two of the college song — "Pluck beats luck and Prex is stuck" — He was almost near the balcony window now. He could feel the faintest breath of outside air and the spray from a fireman's hose. He threw his burden down on the balcony. One more heart-breaking effort and he would at last get out, too. But he tottered, choked, and fell back.

* * * * * * * *

In the *Sun* the next morning there was a notice of the fire. "About two o'clock last night Matano's disreputable dance-hall was gutted by fire. The flames broke out in some unknown manner near the staircase and spread rapidly. Most of the 'guests' managed to escape down the stairs, but some were rescued, amid cheers, by Fireman O'Brien of Company 32, from a balcony at the opposite end of the hall. There was one fatality. After the fire the body of a young man was found lying near the window. From papers and letters it was later identified as that of Julian Hayes of 16 W. 66th Street, a clerk at 59 Wall Street, who should have known better.

The other *habitues* of the place were somewhat luckier, although John Bohnbaum, the fiddler, and three of the women had to be taken to the Roosevelt Hospital. Captain Cogswell says that the burning of the hall is a boon to the police of his district."

That was the way the world went in New York. But in a New Hampshire village a young girl wondered what it all meant; and Julian's classmates at their first reunion a week later were loyal enough to his memory to believe, despite all the sorry details, that he had finished well.

KENNETH C. M. SILLS, '01

CONCEALED WEAPONS

HAZING must go! The "King" had said it, and who would gainsay the King? Had he not dictated to every class for three successive years, since that night, when as Freshman champion, he had whipped the entire Sophomore body, man by man, and in twos and threes? Since that time he had been not only the hero, but the autocrat of his class. No voice had ever been raised against his rule until Swain came to Bowdoin. But Swain's faction at its best was erratic.

They were rivals of long standing, these two, since the days of preparatory school rivalries. When Swain left his chosen college for Bowdoin, the old hostilities were renewed. They had striven for class honors, for literary laurels and for fame on the track with varying success. More hotly contested still was the full-back's position and the coveted captaincy. But hostilities reached their summit when the Belle of Brunswick returned from her finishing school in Massachusetts. Since that event they had never on any occasion been known to agree.

But now a point of agreement had been reached—hazing should cease. The King had declared it; the Pretender endorsed the decree. Other Seniors were a bit disappointed and remonstrated feebly. Juniors were discreetly silent—they had felt his

power. Sophomores held fiery indignation meetings in which they poured out the full tale of their wrongs in eloquence, the result of a full course in Genung. But eloquence would avail nothing in the face of a decree by the King, seconded by the Pretender. So the Freshmen waxed fresh; pipes appeared on the campus; monograms were flaunted upon the street, and disorder reigned supreme.

But all things, however complicated, have a simple cause, and the cause of all this disturbance was very simple, woefully simple. The Belle of Brunswick had a much petted brother, conspicuous in the Freshman forms. Upon his entrance the Belle had very openly and strongly expressed her disapproval of hazing. Therefore, hazing must go.

Runt Rollins of the Sophomore class was a thoughtful youth, much given to speculation and to playing Solomon's role of wise man with his lips. Not that he was ever "reputed wise," from this fact or any other. The idea that Runt ever had an original idea, brilliant or otherwise, would never have found ready credence in the little college world. But Runt, in his quiet way, had been considering the situation of his oppressed class from practical standpoints. Then he met Prentiss.

Prentiss was one of those Freshmen, of whom each entering class contains a specimen, who are daily mistaken for every member of the faculty from the president down, and for members of each of the upper classes, but whom no one ever suspects of being Freshmen. Prentiss was good to look upon,

yet he carried himself with an air of meekness. He alone took no advantage of the edict of the King, and was no fresher than before. In fact, Prentiss wore a decidedly preoccupied air—his thoughts were in other worlds and he was troubled.

At last it came out. In a confidential moment the whole flood of confession poured into the willing ear of Runt Rollins. He — the Freshman — had raised his eyes to the Belle of Brunswick! He was hopeless, despondent, but none the less the affection had taken deep root. And it was not advice that he desired of Runt — one would as soon go to the river for milk — but consolation. Runt was a poor consoler. The woes of the Freshman lover interested him much less than the thought of the value this discovery might prove to the suffering Sophomores. Several minutes he spent in absent thought, gazing out of the window toward the pines; then he said irreverently:

"The first Junior assembly comes two weeks from next Friday, doesn't it?"

Then he retreated into the depths of his logic whence nothing could draw him.

And now the time of the first Junior assembly drew near. Thinking to forestall his rival the Pretender called early upon the Belle of Brunswick.

"I suppose you know that the hop comes a week from Friday," he remarked as he was leaving.

"So soon!" The Belle raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Why, I must hurry or I shall not be ready. I shall see you there I presume?"

And the Pretender departed, his heart filled with sullen curses upon the heads of Kings in general. But had he chanced by a few days later, and witnessed the precipitous way in which the King left the same house, he might have been rather mystified. Yet even then he would have been at a loss to account for the increased coldness with which his majesty snubbed him.

The stir of expectation that preceded the longed-for Friday night failed to hasten its arrival, but finally it came. Before the musicians had been playing long enough to get into the full swing of their instruments the burly form of the King appeared in the balcony of the Town Hall. Some surprised comment it caused, especially from those of his intimate friends who knew how much he had built on conducting the Belle of Brunswick across the floor to the envy of the Pretender. Speculation ran high as to the probability of the Pretender being the lucky man, when, to the great amazement of all, the object of the discussion stalked into the gallery. The King sprang to his feet and the two men glared at each other. His majesty swore; the Pretender came as near to it as a Y. M. C. A. man may. Then together they turned their gaze toward the floor below where a light laugh, so well known in that hall, proclaimed the entrance of the Belle of Brunswick. And at her side, as completely at his ease as if he did not know that the Senior autocrat of Bowdoin was glaring down at him from the balcony, the Freshman was jesting upon the enjoy-

ments of a state of existence when the Freshmen could bulldoze the Sophomores.

Runt Rollins, in his obscure corner of the balcony, watched injured royalty, losing sight of rivalry, depart in company. Then he went to his room. The next morning the following notice was taken from the bulletin board of King Chapel—after everyone had read it—and laid before the eyes of the King.

> "Important meeting of Sophomore Class at 7.00 P. M. Tonight to Decide upon New Rules for Freshmen. Every Member Expected to be Present."

The King was hurriedly packing a suit-case.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked a Senior.

His majesty kicked his football trousers into the closet.

"Get out of here!" he growled. "I'm busy. Swain and I are going to take the eleven-twenty for Boston."

FRANK ELIAS SEAVEY, '05.

THE FIREDOG

WHY the telling of this story should have fallen to me rather than to any of the other fellows is merest chance; for had I not wished a picture of the quaint old fireplace in Massachusetts Hall it is probable that a certain most baffling mystery would at last have been solved in its own time and way. Let me tell you how it actually was solved.

Early in my Senior year the fellows came to believe that there was a thief about college. We were a long time in recognizing this unwelcome proposition as a fact — it was so much pleasanter to think the missing articles simply borrowed, after the informally indefinite fashion of college boys; and each of us tried to hope that sometime someone's thoughtlessness would vanish, and our long-lost property reappear. When, however, watches, pocket-books, fraternity pins, and so on, persistently eluded their owners, we were compelled to believe them stolen. The entire college ere long found itself at its wit's end to put a name to the thief or a detaining hand upon him.

I, perhaps, was more wrought up than most of the fellows, for my loss had been a solid silver candlestick — an heirloom — highly prized by my family; so I was eager to do my utmost in putting an end to the marauding, which had convinced many of us

that it was well to lock our doors occasionally. There was not the slightest clue to the offender. One or two unpopular students were suspected; also several questionable characters among the hangers-on of the college; but no amount of amateur detective work on our part, or surveillance on that of the faculty brought any encouragement that justice was soon to find out the thief.

Throughout the excitement my roommate, Dave Denby, added to my discomfort by occasional indications that he had not, after all, fully recovered from a serious illness of fall term. The doctor had said, I believe, that it was something akin to rheumatic fever. At all events, Dave came down with it after several hard days on the football field. While he was most seriously ill he had given some of us no end of trouble — being frequently light-headed at night, and all that. A good rest had finally restored him to his old self; but when those bothersome thefts began I imagined that I could see him grow nervous and worn once more. Dave's football business, too, was a great care, as it had been from the first, for our season had been somewhat disastrous financially, thanks to rainy days and consequent small crowds at our home games, and the coach clamored continually for the balance of his pay. As manager of the team, my roommate felt largely responsible for this. The rest of us tried to cheer him up, but to little purpose. Dave was plainly quite discouraged.

So, because of one thing and another, I was finding my last year at college not altogether so happy

as the earlier ones. Nevertheless, I was not overjoyed at the thought of the farewells so soon to be said. That I might in the future live again my college days, I had filled a big scrap-book with souvenirs; and for this collection I wanted a view of that fireplace of Parker Cleaveland's. Accordingly, one night early in spring term saw Jill Sedgwick and myself, armed with keys, and permission from the treasurer's office, entering the Cleaveland room with kodak and flash cartridges.

My companion — we called him "Jill" because his brother's name was Jack — was the cleverest man with a camera in all the four classes. On this particular evening he had been in great demand, so it was near midnight when he was ready to take the flashlight that I wanted.

While Jill was arranging his camera, our lantern's feeble flicker showed me that one of the andirons in the fireplace was a bit out of position, so I knelt on dusty hearthstone to readjust it. A hard tug, and I had pulled it altogether too far forward, while Jill and I were surprised by a sudden clatter as of falling bricks. Our lantern, all a-smoke, discovered a vague hole gaping in the wall of the chimney just behind one of the crude old iron kettles. Jill, interested and curious, crawled into the fireplace to investigate, and cautiously ran his arm through the opening that my clumsiness had so unaccountably caused to appear.

"Here, Bob! Look! There's a box in here!" cried he. "See if you can pull it out!"

I took Jill's place, and after some effort succeeded in dragging from within the chimney a small, sooty tin box. We pried it open, and tore away the papers concealing its contents. Inside we found — well, a considerable surprise; for there, neatly packed, lay my candlestick, two or three watches, bits of colleges jewelry, and several wads of bills. So here was the thief's strongbox. But who hid the plunder? Jill and I, however, didn't care to hold a discussion just then and there, so he turned again to his camera, and I stuffed the box into a pocket.

As luck would have it, something was wrong about Jill's fuse, for it had to be relighted twice before it burned an eighth of an inch. We waited with growing impatience for the spark to reach the powder. Every sound was exaggerated. Once we imagined that someone was trying to get into the building by the main entrance. Again, a step in the vestibule set our hearts jumping. Our lantern unkindly went out and left the darkest night that ever was to settle around two rather nervous Seniors, crouched together upon a bench. Once more the fuse needed attention, and as Jill groped down beside me again he clutched my arm, and whispered: "See!" Through the cracks of a door beside the great chimney a light gleamed brightly for a second; the door creaked open; we saw a figure dimly silhouetted against an open window in the vestibule. A flash, scorching and blinding, showed us that someone stood before the fireplace, fumbling in his pockets and muttering, while the air grew thick with

magnesium smoke. Instantly a door banged shut, and the room, empty save for ourselves, was lighted up by the glare of a newspaper torch recklessly set a-fire by Jill. But nothing out of the ordinary rewarded our search. Each door and each window on the ground floor of Massachusetts seemed shut as usual.

"Well," said Jill, on the way to the dormitory, "that beats me. I'm certain, though, that my negative will show who the lad is. I'll do my developing now. You take care of—Hullo, Dick"—this to a fellow standing in the doorway of South Winthrop—"when did you get back?"

"On the 'Midnight,'" was the reply. "Drop into the room, boys. My 'wife' insists that some of the things I brought from home won't keep until morning. I'll be with you in a minute."

"Not a word to-night," advised Jill, as we went up-stairs. "You go to the 'feed.' Say I'm too tired—or something. Want me to take the box? All right. To-morrow we'll spring a sensation!"

In Dick Hibbard's room I found a merry assemblage of night-owls in various dishabilles. All had been unexpectedly summoned to join in the treat of somebody's "box from home," and were happy in the extreme. Every one was smoking, and, to clear the air, the door stood ajar. Soon Hibbard came in with a couple of others. "Anything new about the kleptomaniac?" asked he.

"Yes," piped Barrey, from a window-seat. "Ogden found my watch over by Massachusetts to-day, and I've not been near there for a week!"

A hubbub of discussion arose, in the midst of which I noticed a strange noise in the corridor.

"Who's that?" shouted Dick, as I craned my neck to see. "Call him in."

It was Dave Denby. He paid no attention to my call, nor did he notice me when I ran to his side. With wide, staring eyes he kept right on up the stairs, swinging a dark lantern against the banisters.

"No! No!" he was moaning, while he tugged at a pocket already wrong side out. "It's gone—gone! I've lost it. Too bad! Too bad!"

I watched the poor boy safe into bed again, and then sat down to take care that he indulged in no more somnambulism that night. Presently a clock struck half-past something, just as the fellows down stairs were scattering to their rooms. Then there came a soft rap on my door, and a demand, "Open up! It's Sedgwick—Jill!"

"I've got him!" whispered my fellow-adventurer triumphantly, as he tiptoed into the room. "Where's Denby?"

I pointed to the sleeping-room, the door of which Jill quietly latched. Then my photographer held his negative close to a lamp, and with me examined it closely.

"Well?" said he at length; and "Well!" gasped I, in echo. We were looking at a picture of the man who had been robbing the students so long—at least, so we believed—and it was Dave Denby!

As if to make assurance doubly sure, the door of the sleeping-room opened, and my roommate, fully

dressed, and with that same wild expression on his face, stepped briskly forth.

"Why, Dave, old man," I cried, "What are you doing?"

"Going after Barrey's watch. I lost it, and I've got to find it!"

But, Dave,—" I remonstrated.

"Oh, let me go! I've got to have it. 'Twill help pay the coach!"

I said the first thing I could think of to keep him from going. "That's all right; we've paid everything, haven't we, Jill? Get back to bed once more—please, Dave?"

With little more persuasion Denby undressed and went back to his bunk. Poor old man! It was the fever still in his blood that had made him, even in his sleep, do something to square his football accounts.

We had the doctor look him over, with the result that Dave was packed off to sea for a cruise. When, just in time for Commencement, he returned, all sound and hearty, he found the debt all paid; for the fellows were only too glad to subscribe when Jill and I restored their property, and told them how a firedog helped to catch a "thief."

HANSON HART WEBSTER, '99

LARRY'S LAST IVY DAY.

IT was the afternoon before Ivy Day. Everything about the old college looked beautiful; the paths had been trimmed anew, the broad lawns mowed, all stray bits of paper and old posters had been carefully removed, and everything had been done to give the grounds a festive appearance. Merry groups of students lounged about on the grass under the shade of the trees, discussing the prospects of the Ivy Day ball game. Near Maine Hall a knot of upper classmen were busily engaged in their favorite amusement of pitching pennies, while ever and anon a hearty peal of laughter or a stray bit of a rollicking song told that the spirit of youth and the genuine good fellowship so characteristic of Bowdoin life were everywhere present.

The baseball team had just come in from the regular afternoon practice on Whittier field and the captain, James Larrington, or Larry, as everyone called him, was walking leisurely toward his room in Winthrop. His appearance was the signal for a slight commotion in one of the groups of students, and one of the number, a fine looking, well dressed fellow, waving his hand above his head, shouted,

"Yi, Larry! come over here a minute, will you?"

With a smile the captain turned, and approaching the group, said quietly,

"Well, George, what do you want of me? I must change my clothes as soon as I can to-night, for I expect friends on the evening train." And as he spoke the faintest suspicion of a blush tinged his richly sunbrowned cheeks.

"Well then, Larry, replied the other, "what we want to know is this — do you think we are going to beat those fellows to-morrow or not? Give us your honest opinion. You know they've beaten us now for the past two years."

"Why, George, I can't tell surely, of course, but unless someone loses his head badly, I honestly believe we shall beat them out. It won't be any walk-over though; it will be a very close game, whichever side wins."

"That's right, Larry, old man," spoke up Ned Hamilton, Larry's roommate, "As you fellows know, I always look on the bright side of things, and I think we are going to beat them, too, and what's more I'm willing to bet five dollars on it with anyone. So there's your chance, you fellows, if you think we are going to lose to-morrow."

"All I can say, boys," continued Larry, "is that every man will play ball for all there is in him, and if we don't win — well, we'll try to take the defeat like men, and that's all there is to it."

So saying Larry and Ned left the others and were soon in their room. Here the captain quickly exchanged his uniform for his street suit, in the meantime chatting with Ned about the nine, the Ivy Day exercises and various college subjects. As Ned

listened and conversed with him he thought what a splendid fellow Larry was; how manly, how sincere. Mere chance had thrown them together Freshman year. Larry was two years older than Ned, but their tastes were indeed much alike. Both were good scholars, fond of athletic sports, and popular among the students, but Ned knew that Larry was his superior for all that and he looked up to him and was loyal to him with a friendship which was without the slightest trace of envy.

Ned's high opinion of Larry was shared by the whole college; there was not a student in Bowdoin who did not honor and respect him, while the feeling of the Freshmen toward him was but little short of worship. Tall, broad-shouldered, with a pleasant though not a handsome face, kind and courteous to all, generous and self-sacrificing, energetic and self-reliant, he was indeed an ideal college man and one whom all his associates were proud to claim as a friend.

During the preceding summer Larry had been a guest at Ned's home, and it was Ned's sister Crystal, a beautiful girl of twenty, whom he had invited to attend this, his last Ivy Day. Ned's mother and younger sister were also coming, as Ned's guest and as the party was expected on the evening train, the two friends hastened to the station to meet them. For once the train was on time, and almost the first persons to alight were Mrs. Hamilton and her daughters.

While Ned looked after the baggage, Larry con-

ducted the ladies along the station platform which was crowded with students, and the ever recurring "Hello, Larry," and "Good evening, Larry," proved to one of the party at least that Larry was one whom she ought to feel proud to know. As they passed a group of upper classmen gathered on the corner, Larry overheard a remark, which, although spoken very low, caused a blush to appear once more upon his tanned cheeks, and he glanced quickly at the young ladies to see if they too had overheard it. Apparently they had not and he immediately resumed the conversation which he had for the instant dropped.

After supper the entire party, with the exception of Larry, went to drive. He felt that he owed it to the ball team, in view of the strict discipline he had always enforced, to remain behind. So after wishing them all a very pleasant time, he wandered slowly and thoughtfully across the campus to Winthrop Hall.

Once in his room he sat down at his desk and tried to write, but somehow he could not put his mind upon it. Again the words he had overheard at the station rang in his ears. "I wonder if Larry is engaged to that girl." It was only a chance remark made by one of his best friends, and he had heard the same remark made about many other men in college. He was not engaged to "that girl."

It was true that he knew her very well and that they were firm friends. That was all. Did he not know many other girls as well and were they not firm friends of his also? Larry glanced at the various photographs which helped to decorate his side

of the room, and he smiled at the recollections they inspired. But the smile was promptly followed by a sigh, and he knew that his heart was with the party which was driving over the moonlit roads of Topsham.

* * * * * * * *

Ivy Day had come. A perfect day, everyone said, and a perfect day it certainly was. By nine o'clock people began streaming through the pines to Whittier field, and by ten, the hour for calling the game, one of the largest baseball crowds ever seen on the field was in attendance.

Just as they were ready to leave the dressing-room, Larry called his men together and speaking with earnestness and emphasis said: "Now, fellows, we've got to win this game! We have not won our Ivy game for two years, but we are going to do it to-day. Let everyone get right into the game and stay right in the game, too. Never mind the crowd. Just play ball! You'll have plenty of time to see the girls later in the day. Let every man if he makes an error try to forget it, and if he makes a good play try to make a better one. Remember that Bowdoin is watching us and we must win for the college. Now then, Jack, you are the first man up. Play the game and let every man keep on the jump all the time; and above all, fellows, don't lose your heads."

A few moments later, after a little warming up practice, the game began. It was a battle royal, as almost every baseball game between these colleges

had been for a generation. The two teams were so evenly matched that one could detect scarcely any difference in their playing. Time after time each side would in turn get men on bases only to have them kept from scoring by fielding which fairly brought the crowd to its feet. It was a sportsman-like crowd too, and one which applauded to the echo the sharp and brilliant playing of both nines.

At the beginning of the ninth inning the score was two to two. For Bowdoin the batters were retired in one, two, third, order. Then the visitors came to bat for the last time. The first batter got a hit, the second duplicated it, a passed ball advanced each runner a base, and the crowd was still as death. Again Larry's voice was heard imploring his men to "keep together and stay in the game." By good headwork on the part of the pitcher the next batter, the heaviest hitter on the team, was retired on strikes, and the pines echoed back the cheers of the crowd. Sharp fielding by the second baseman disposed of the fourth batter and held the first two on their bases, and again the crowd cheered.

"Two men out, boys, play for the batter!" sings out Larry, and the infielders drop back.

The silence is almost painful as the next man comes to the plate. It is now or never for the visitors. Two strikes are quickly called on him, but the tension is so high that the crowd does not cheer. One ball, two, three!

"Let him hit it, Jack!" shouts Larry, "make him hit it anyway! Don't let him walk!"

The next ball fairly cuts the center of the plate, and the batter swings viciously at it. There is a sharp crack as the bat meets the ball, and then an irregular cheer goes up from the crowd, for the ball soars high in the air straight out to center field where Larry is waiting to receive it.

The crowd in the big grand-stand is on its feet. It seems as though the ball will never come down. The men on second and third are racing madly toward home, for two are out and they hope for an error. But can Larry possibly lose it? The ball makes a long, graceful curve straight into Larry's hands and Larry—drops it!

Already the runners are over the plate and the visitors have won another Ivy Day game on Bowdoin's diamond.

Slowly and in silence the great crowd moves from the field. The Bowdoin men cannot realize that their team has suffered defeat; they cannot realize that Larry, Larry, above all others, has been the cause of this defeat. And Larry—what is he doing? The poor fellow cannot realize it, either. Yes, *he* has lost the game,—he who all along kept urging his men to stay in the game and not lose their heads; he, their captain, and in the last game of his college course. What will they all think of him now? But this he knows, that they cannot think any worse of him than he thinks of himself.

In vain the players try to cheer him up; they tell him it was only a misplay, such as everyone is liable to make, and he knows they are sincere in their words. Finally he says:

"Fellows, I lost the game. If I hadn't muffed that easy fly, we'd have won in the next inning. They couldn't have stood another inning without going to pieces. I know it. I don't know why I dropped that ball. I wasn't nervous and I wasn't overconfident. I probably wouldn't do it again like that, ever. I'm sorry, very, very sorry. They can't think any worse of me than I do of myself."

With this he started off alone from the field, now practically deserted, and once outside the gate made his way slowly along the path through the pines. A short distance ahead he saw Ned and Crystal and again the lump came into his throat as he thought, "What must she think of me now?"

As he came up with the two, Ned's fraternal handshake spoke volumes and Crystal, putting her small hand in Larry's big brown one, still covered with dirt from the ball field, and raising her brown eyes to his, said simply:

"Never mind, Larry, never mind it."

She had never called him that before and as he looked deep into the depths of those eyes he saw something there which made him forget that Ned was standing by and that the members of the nine were coming along the path behind him. Or if he did not forget, he did not care—did not care for them or for anything else but what the brown eyes told him. And stooping down he kissed her, and then, with her hand still close in his, they went on toward the campus, along the path where the beautiful June sunshine slanted through the pines.

JOSEPH WALKER WHITNEY, 1900

A COLLEGE EPISODE

THIS story has the great disadvantage of being true; that is to say, as true as the stories one tells ever are. It has the further disadvantage of being old. It has come down to us from a former generation, a generation which knew not the electric-lighted and steam-heated dormitories of the present day, and which sang Phi Chi with conviction if not harmoniously.

But its very age emboldens me to tell it, for college generations pass quickly, and are forgotten in the halls which were once their home. A few years ago everybody in Bowdoin could tell this story. Very likely there is no one there now who ever heard it.

It all happened in one of the sunny rooms on the second floor of South ——, but on second thoughts I think I had better not commit myself as to the hall. The room was occupied that year by Dick Blair and Fred Appleton, two of the best fellows in college. It was a pleasant room, furnished in complete accordance with the scholarly ideals of the period. There were boxing gloves and tennis rackets, fencing foils and guitars, purloined street signs, and photographs of pretty girls in profusion.

Over in one corner there was a very pretty cherry bookcase, with plate-glass doors, which Mrs. Blair gave Dick when he came to college. For a long

time it held nothing in the literary way except a few text-books, and the copies of Bohn's Classical Library, which were in current demand, but it made an excellent cupboard in which to keep the chafing-dish and plates, and was consequently a useful piece of furniture. But one day, just before the events which I am going to relate, the bookcase was rudely invaded by a set of brown and gold encyclopedias. The investment was Dick's. He was led to indulge in this extravagance by a desire to impress his father, who had most illogically deduced from his son's term standing the conclusion that he was not devoting himself as closely as he should to his studies. Nor was the extravagance so great as it appeared. Dick had purchased the books upon the instalment plan, and hoped by the use of strategy to keep out of the book agent's way whenever he should call for his monthly payment, thus prolonging indefinitely the process of settlement. This practise was known as "bilking the bore," and it was considered a very good joke in those days. Of course no one does it now.

One afternoon in February, while the Encyclopedias were still a novelty, and the book agent was still hopeful, Dick and Fred were sitting in their room variously occupied. Dick was deep in an easy chair in front of the cheerful open-grate fire, smoking his favorite brier, and lazily turning the leaves of the *Orient*, which had just arrived. Fred was curled up on the window seat, and looked morose. He had "sworn off" for two weeks, and it seemed that he had never smelt such fragrant tobacco. In order

that he might be delivered from temptation Fred turned his gaze outward, and stared gloomily across the snow-covered campus. Along one of the paths which led directly toward the end, he saw a tall man clad in a yellow mackintosh and a fur cap, advancing. He eyed him misanthropically a few moments, and then the light of recognition suddenly flashed in his eye. He took an interest in life once more.

"Dick," he said, turning to his roommate, "here comes your book agent."

The *Orient* dropped to the floor, and the brier promptly turned over in Dick's mouth and scattered ashes liberally over his trousers. It was an old trick of the brier, which had to be held with a firm grip, like a skittish horse.

"Is he coming here?" asked Dick never stopping to brush off the ashes, but jumping to his feet with great liveliness.

"He's headed this way, sure enough."

"Well, I can't pay him anything to-day. The last Glee Club trip left me awfully shy. Look, Fred! I'll slip into the clothes-closet here, and you go to the door and tell him I'm out of town for three or four days. Go on, that's a good fellow! I'll do as much for you some time."

"All right! Get in, and I'll see him," said Fred, and Dick disappeared with all speed behind the door of the closet wherein the young men hung their wardrobe. Fred at the same time got down off the window seat, and as he did so his eye met a photograph of a very pretty girl, which embellished the

mantel. This seems a trifling incident to mention, but if it had not occurred the story never would have happened. The photograph recalled a grievance and suggested a revenge.

Two weeks before, at the Assembly, Dick had spirited the original of the photograph, Miss Sallie Fairchild, out of the dancing hall, and into some remote corner, from whence they had appeared only when the next dance was nearly over. That next dance had belonged to Fred, and he had taken his roommate's conduct very ill. Now, as he looked at Miss Fairchild's picture, and waited for the expected knock on the door, he grinned in silent anticipation of the retribution in store. Footsteps were at last heard climbing the stairs and coming down the hall. There came a buoyant and a sanguine knock upon the door. Fred composed his features and answered the knock. It was the man in the yellow mackintosh and fur cap.

"Mr. Blair in?" he inquired.

"I'm sorry to say he's not in just now," replied Fred, smiling cordially upon the book agent, "but I expect him every minute. He stepped over to the library to get a book, and told me to tell anyone who called that he would be back directly. Won't you come in and wait?"

"Well, I don't know but I will," said the book agent. And he came in with an alacrity which belied the doubtful expression he used.

"Have a seat, sir," said Fred, with solicitous hospitality, offering him the easy chair before the

fire, and sitting down himself where he could keep an eye on the eloset door. "I'm sorry I haven't a cigar to offer you, but there are pipes on the table, or cigarettes, if you prefer. Nasty day, isn't it?"

"You're right," said the visitor, removing his mackintosh and settling into the arm chair. "It's a cold, dirty, disagreeable day, and I'm having the luck to go with it. I've been tramping over town all the morning, and haven't collected car fare back to Portland."

"Too bad," said Fred, "I'm sorry to hear it. But you make yourself comfortable here, and Blair will be in presently. He expected you, I know, and he'll come up all right, for he's got the money all laid aside for you. Try one of the cigarettes, sir."

The book agent tried one, and liked it so well he tried another, conversing meanwhile of the trials and tribulations of his vocation, with great fluency. His back was toward the closet door, and he did not see it open noiselessly a few inches as he talked. But Fred saw it, and in the aperture he distinguished Dick's countenance scowling fiercely, and Dick's minatory fist shaken in his direction. He got up, and going over to the closet pushed the door shut again. "That confounded door has got to be fixed," he said, putting a chair against it. "The latch is broken, and it's all the time coming open. I must speak to Adam about that to-morrow." And then as he returned to his chair he wound up the book agent for another twenty minutes by remarking "That's a remarkable bargain you gave Blair in those encyclopedias!"

The agent talked on tirelessly, and poor Dick in the stuffy little closet nearly suffocated with bad air and almost exploded with indignation. Of course he said nothing which bears upon the progress of the story, and what he thought would not look well in print, so with the instinct of the true artist I shall draw the veil of silence over his sufferings, and merely suggest the agony he endured.

At last the chapel bell rang for recitation, and Fred had to go. But he begged the book agent to remain. "I wish you wouldn't go," he said, "Blair must surely be in very soon, and he will be fearfully disappointed if he misses you. Just sit here by the fire a few minutes, and he will be in directly, I'm sure." So the book agent allowed himself to be persuaded, and remained on guard for another half-hour. He smoked up all the cigarettes, played several selections upon the pianoforte, with one finger, and inspected with great care all the photographs upon the mantel. Then he picked up the guitar, and made unspeakable sounds upon the poor instrument. Within the closet, Dick, seated upon a dress-suit case turned up on end, held his swimming head in both hands, and tried to think what he would do to Fred when he got out.

At last the book agent tired of the guitar, and put on his mackintosh again, muttering to himself about his hard luck in missing Blair. Even then he hung about the room some five minutes, but in the end he took himself off, and Dick, faint and dizzy, staggered out of his prison.

"Of all the mean beasts that were ever created, Fred Appleton is the most contemptible," he said, steadying himself by the table, and shaking his fist at the tobacco jar. "I'll get even with him if it takes ten years."

It bids fair, however, to take more than this liberal allowance of time for all this happened ten years ago, and Dick Blair has never yet had the satisfaction of turning the laugh upon his former roommate. And as he is now a very busy attorney, his mind occupied with more weighty matters than the squaring of old college accounts, it is doubtful if he ever will.

HENRY SMITH CHAPMAN, '91

A RACE THAT WAS LOST

"THEY'RE off!" It was Farrington, a Junior, from his perch on the roof of the boat house, who shouted the words, and simultaneously the eager watchers saw a puff of smoke far down the river, too far down for the accompanying report to be heard at the bridge. Instantly there was a transformation in the crowd that lined the bank. The pushing and scrapping among the groups of Sophomores and Freshmen ceased. Those in the carriages leaped to their feet or climbed upon the seats to get a better view. Every neck was craned down the river, though only a few who had positions of vantage could see the crews at their starting point.

What a picture of animation and beauty that June morning in 1893 presented. The smooth river, flashing in the summer sun; the green fields stretching far on either side; and the crowd with all its color and life;—the crowd of students upon the shore, the boat house and the railroad bridge which marked the finish line of the straightaway course; the clusters of girls with bright dresses and gay parasols; and the line of carriages with townspeople, stretching down the river bank. And what a moment this was for the members of the two lower classes whose four-oared crews, now

catching the water down at Cow Island, had been training for this hour through the days and weeks of the Spring term.

The nervy attempt of the Freshmen to spring their class yell—a monstrosity that the class bravely struggled with for four years and never could render in a respectable fashion—had promptly resulted in a rush by '95, in which a few hats and tempers had been lost, and at least one pair of eye-glasses had been ground into fragments under foot as the Freshmen were forced down the steep bank to the slip. But all the tumult and the shouting now died into a calm that was more wearing on the nerves than any amount of noise.

The race has begun, and the crews are coming up the river. But who is ahead? Which will win? Nobody knows, though each partisan has no doubt that he knows. The calm lasts only for a moment, and the crowd bursts into renewed shouts and irregular cheers as the crews come into plainer view. But how slowly they seem to come! How long the intervals between the times when the flashing oars are seen to rise from the water! Yet we know they must be making record time, for they have done it over and over again in practice, both crews.

Now they are off against the old barn and they seem to be on even terms, but away down at the lower end of the crowd a shrill voice screams that '96 is ahead! The cry is taken up by a hundred throats, and the Freshmen, hurrying together in frantic joy, and without taking an eye from the river, give, or

attempt to give, their class yell. No effort is made by the Sophomores to interfere with the demonstration. Nearer come the crews; they seem to be moving faster now. With what rythmical precision those broad and brawny backs bend together. And, sure enough, the Freshman crew is ahead; the most bigoted Sophomoric partisan can no longer deny it. And nearer still, almost abreast the crowd. The shells are now flying, and each man is putting every ounce of energy into his work, the Freshmen to keep, the Sophomores to overcome, the lead. Both crews are rowing in perfect form, without a sign of unevenness or distress, and '96 is fully a length to the good.

Desperate grows the struggle as the finish line is neared. The Sophomores spurt and gain a bit, but '96 answers and keeps its lead. The madly excited Freshmen cheer as best they can, though their voices are giving out. The Sophomores continuously sound their slogan, undismayed by the prospect of a Freshman victory, and still having faith that their sturdy crew will win because it must. The bridge is less than a dozen lengths away, and the race is the same as over. No spurt of the Sophomores can now snatch victory from their rivals. Well may the Freshmen cheer—but why that sudden, breathless hush that falls on the crowd, followed by a wilder pandemonium than the river bank has known this day?

Out in the river something has happened. Like a flash, the '96 shell has overturned and the four oarsmen have disappeared from sight, while the Sophomore crew flashes by and under the bridge, "letting

her run" for the last few lengths, as they gaze in blank amazement at the catastrophe which has given them their doubtful victory. The Freshmen crew appears above the surface, and, with only heads out of water, cling to their capsized shell. To the '95 men on the shore it seems a ludicrous spectacle, but the rest of us do not see it in that light. A few Sophomores, more heartless than the rest, bring their kodaks into play, and the result makes a most interesting page in their *Bugle*, a year later.

A boat put out from the slip, and, a moment later, the Freshmen crew was safely ashore, wrapped in sweaters and blankets and gloom; and even the Sophomores joined the Freshmen in the hearty cheers that greeted the dripping and heartbroken heroes whom an unkind fate had robbed of victory's palm.

How did it happen? That was the question on every lip and the answer was easy, when an examination of the shell had been made. A broken footstrap had caused the disaster. It was the strap that held one of big Stone's feet at the bottom of the boat:— Stone whom we called "Stein," merely to show our alleged knowledge of German rather than from any convivial associations, and who won deathless glory at the second reunion after graduation by carrying home a silver cup to the class baby. Under the strain put upon it by the heaving of his mighty muscles, when the call had been made for the final spurt, the old strap had given way, throwing him backward and upsetting the shell. There were dark hints made that the strap had been partially cut

before the race, possibly by a Sophomoric knife, but this was a most unworthy suspicion and never for a moment entertained after the heat and excitement of the hour were over. The strap had done service in many a race; it was old and weak; that was all, but it was enough.

And so we were a subdued and heavy-hearted crowd of Freshmen who walked back up the railroad track toward the campus that forenoon. No longer was the June sky bright, or college life filled with charms. It was only by degrees that our spirits revived when the 'Varsity baseball team won the championship pennant, and our '96 class nine defeated the Colby Freshmen at Waterville, a few days later.

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Gone the old boat house that stood so long at the end of the railroad bridge, the first evidence of the college to one approaching Brunswick by train from the East; gone the old shells which brawny backs and arms forced over the line, winners in record time; gone the glory of those class races on the Androscoggin, when wildly yelling students and enraptured maidens in summer gowns lined the green bank, and followed, through minutes that seemed hours, the crews struggling for the mastery over the course from Cow Island to the bridge; gone the greater glory of those intercollegiate triumphs in other states, with the grand demonstrations at the old station, through the town, and on the cam-

pus when the winning crew and its winning shell returned. All are of the fading past, and there only remain the fragments of a boat or two in the old boat house, now transplanted to Merrymeeting for the edification of unappreciative excursionists; a few treasured banners and cups; a few pictures and records in the *Bugles*; and a few memories which, in some hearts, at least, will never be effaced by the later and greater victories of Bowdoin athletes on diamond, track, and gridiron.

But this is not an eulogium of Bowdoin's aquatic achievements, or a history of its crews from the time when Tom Reed sat in a Bowdoin shell to the last class race in the spring of 1894, when '96 won from '97 with the same crew that had fared so unfortunately, a year before. It is simply a modest memory flash of one June morning when a race was lost.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT, '96

HAWTHORNE'S "FANSHAWE," *and* BOWDOIN'S PAST

LIKE his classmate Longfellow, Hawthorne practically made choice of literature as his life-work when a student at Bowdoin. While here he wrote his sister that he "had made progress on his novel," and within three years of graduation he published "Fanshawe; a tale." This, his first romance, issued anonymously and at his own expense, he afterward strove to suppress by buying and burning all the copies he could find. So well did he succeed that any one of the few remaining will to-day bring its owner three or four times the original cost of the entire edition.

Half a century after the publication of this book of his boyhood, Hawthorne's reputation as an author may be said to have become of age. This was marked, perhaps, by the inclusion of him as the only American in John Morley's well-known series of "English Men of Letters;" perhaps, by the re-publication of this brief romance, so different from his later novels, and yet prophetic of them. At all events "Fanshawe" has for a score of years been included in every complete edition of his works; has been studied by those curious as to the development

of his rare literary genius; and read by an increasing number of those who merely desire a story worth their while. When these last chance to be Bowdoin men, they are not a little perplexed by such statements as "The scene of this tale is laid at Bowdoin;" "This, no doubt, is a reproduction of Bowdoin;" or even by the more guarded expression, attributed to Longfellow, that the descriptions and general atmosphere of the book suggest the situation of his Alma Mater, and of college days within her walls. For, if they are honest with themselves, few will find Brunswick as the site or Bowdoin as the equivalent of the "Harley College" of the romance. The explanation lies in the fact that while Hawthorne is in no sense a realist, he is true to the life of the period he describes. His characters may be too shadowy to be accurate; his personages speak in his elegant English rather than their own dialect; yet those who knew them never fail to feel the truth of the portraiture. Since many of the details of the scene, as well as most incidents in the story, do not apply to our Alma Mater it may be well briefly to mention a few bits of local color that doubtless meant much to the class of 1825 though unrecognized by the Bowdoin students of to-day.

The stream that "takes its rise at a short distance above the college, and affords, along its wood-fringed banks, many shady retreats, where even study is pleasant, and idleness delicious," is the one to which Hawthorne lovingly refers in the dedication of "The Snow-Image" as "that shadowy little stream

which, I suppose, is still wandering river-ward through the forest." Alas, it no longer wanders, but in straight, artificial channels, and with waters so diminished that the collegian no longer realizes it is a brook, passes silently beneath his feet as he walks to the railway station. The track of the iron horse and the growth of the village have sadly disturbed the quiet retreats of the trout. Only thirty years since, the wild calla, the pogonia, and the calopogon grew freely along the sides of this rivulet between Maine and Spring Streets, where it is now confined by unsightly planks.

It was, however, farther on in its course that the mossy tree trunks and the academic pines of earlier days shut out the glimmer of its waters from all save its friends and lovers. Then no high railroad embankment had turned and shortened its course to the river. Only a short detour from its banks brought one to the Paradise Spring of that day, a favorite spot for communing with Nature, as well as for out-of-door gatherings of the undergraduates. Since a grove of young oaks now flourishes in the neighborhood, we can conjecture that still nearer the river stood the "old bare oak tree," with the trout pool beneath its roots, where Fanshawe and the heroine first met the mysterious and very wicked villain of the story.

However this may be, their second meeting was surely on the college campus. It was in the President's garden "an intermixture of kitchen and flower garden, a labyrinth of winding paths bordered by

hedges and impeded by shrubbery. Many of the original trees of the forest were still flourishing among the exotics which the doctor had transplanted thither." His house faced upon Maine Street, standing between the Searles Science Building and the Walker Art Building. The garden lay behind it, and while lilac bushes and balm-of-gilead trees are the only exotics of which we have definite record, above the former rose the Thorndike Oak, a young tree in the novelist's day. Near by, and connected with the President's home by a plank walk stood the wooden chapel, shown in the earliest picture of the college. Here the heroine's "numerous admirers whose situation compelled them to stand afar off, and gaze upon her loveliness, as if she were a star, whose brightness they saw, but whose warmth they could not feel," beheld her on the Sabbaths when she worshipped with them.

"No student shall eat or drink in any tavern unless in company with his parent or guardian, . . . nor shall he frequent any tavern after being forbidden by the President." "In the catalogue of crimes provided against by the laws of Hawley College that of tavern-haunting was one of the principal." "Hale, Hawthorne and Mellen, fined one dollar each for being at a tavern on Saturday night last." These quotations taken respectfully from the college laws of 1825, the novel, and the Faculty records, call for some mention of the structure which stood at that time in the northwest corner of the present campus near the Congregational Church.

The novelist put the time of his romance in the previous century, and so alludes only briefly to the tavern of his day as a house of two stories whose "dingy whiteness and apparent superfluity of windows give it somewhat of a dreary look, especially in a wet day." This "New Inn" still exists as a private residence, being that numbered twenty-three on Noble Street. That many associations of his college life were connected with it may be inferred by the prominent part its imaginary predecessor, "The Hand and Bottle," plays in the story. Even to-day beneath the leaning elm that marks its site, one can without difficulty picture mentally its coolness in summer's heat when the trees "swept the roof with their long branches, and seemed to create a breeze where there was not one."

When "Fanshawe" was published, Hawthorne's acquaintance with the world had been practically confined to his four college years. Before, a boyhood remarkably secluded; after, a youth almost mysterious in its aloofness from life. It seems, therefore, inevitable that those whom he met during the period in which he won his most intimate friends, Horatio Bridge and Franklin Pierce, should have affected the characterization of his romance. The passage describing the change in the appearance of the undergraduates of "Harley College," as they advanced in their course, has justly been quoted as drawn from his fellow collegians.

Many a Bowdoin alumnus will wager any reason-

able amount that this description of one of the college bed-makers was true to life in every detail. "The other was a short, squat figure, about two-thirds the height, and three times the circumference, of ordinary females. Her hair was gray, her complexion of a deep yellow; and her most remarkable feature was a short snub nose, just discernible amid the broad immensity of her face. Notwithstanding her deficiency in personal attractions, she was rather a favorite of the students, being good natured, anxious for their comfort, and, when duly encouraged, very communicative." "Dr. Melmoth" suggests both President Allen and his predecessor President Appleton, whose memory was green in Hawthorne's day, and whose near relative was for two years the novelist's roommate. To him was due "the inculcation of a deep and awful sense of religion which seldom deserted them in their course through life." The work "which evinced much erudition and depth of research" points to Dr. Allen's elaborate dictionary of American biography, for many years the standard book on that subject; one of the "little foibles which occasionally excited their ridicule" is surely exemplified in the good man's blindness to the defects in the verses which he was too prone to print. Into an anonymous compilation of shipwrecks and marine disasters, he once inserted a seaman's song of his own. This surely gladdened the hearts of the students, however it may have affected the sailors. One stanza will suffice:

"All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas,
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted
In hail, rain, blow or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow."

It can and ought to be said that neither Mrs. Appleton nor Mrs. Allen was in any way the prototype of "Mrs. Melmoth."

Mrs. George P. Lathrop believes it not impossible that Hawthorne was thinking of himself as he portrayed his hero. It is, however, a fact that the second scholar in the class, Gorham Deane, to whom President Allen in his baccalaureate sermon refers as "of unwearied industry and unquenchable zeal for the acquisition of knowledge" died just before Commencement Day, a sacrifice, if we may trust tradition, to that strange disregard of the laws of health which the novelist ascribes to Fanshawe.

"Ellen Langton," the beautiful heroine, who won all hearts, and whose charms led to the construction of Latin and Greek, and even Hebrew, verses in her honor, which bashful admirers strewed in her pathway instead of presenting in person, is probably borrowed from contemporary romances rather than from contemporary life. In this connection, it may not be wrong in closing to record a bit of gossip that has persisted in the college town for fourscore years. Hawthorne roomed longest in the house now known as 76 Federal Street. A stair ascended on the out-

side to his room which faced the east. From its upper steps he would occasionally toss pennies for the boys in the street to scramble after. But what the neighbors could not fail to notice was this: Whenever a visitor rang at the house opposite, Professor Cleaveland's, the handsome head of the Junior from Salem would almost invariably appear at his window and look intently across the street. So habitual was the practice, and so well worth even this distant view was the beautiful face of the maid who attended the door, that only one conclusion could be drawn. The fancy of the shy and tactiturn young man had been caught by his attractive neighbor over the way.

GEORGE T. LITTLE, '77

A MARCH TALE

TALK about weather! If you wish to appreciate the comforts of a cozy room just walk up across the Bowdoin campus some wild, rainy night in March, when the snow underfoot forms about ten inches of slush in all the paths, and the water stands ten inches deep on top of that; when the wind sets the elms a-creaking, and sighs through the pines behind the dormitories, and does its best to jerk away your umbrella and upset you in your watery way.

Thus thought Tom Halford as, armed with rubber boots and mackintosh, he forced his way through the darkness back to his room in South Appleton, after mailing a letter at the midnight train.

It was indeed a wild night, and Tom breathed a sigh of relief as he entered the old dormitory and climbed the worn and battered stairs to Number 15, on the upper floor. It had been raining all day, and now, as Tom put away his wet coat and settled himself before the cozy Franklin grate,—for this, be it remembered, was before the days of steam-heated and otherwise remodeled dormitories — it seemed to him that the storm beat even more violently against the glass, and howled more derisively around the corner of the building.

It was already past midnight, but for some reason

Tom did not feel in the mood for retiring. He brought out some crackers, and settled himself with his Psychology before the fire. The wind whistled through the hallway outside, and the old attic door kept up an intermittent banging. Tom went out and drove a nail into the woodwork to hold it fast, and then returned to his reading.

At length he began to feel sleepy, and was on the point of turning in when a low knock startled him. Who could be prowling around the dormitory at that hour of the night? The door opened, and a stranger entered. He was an old man whose gray hair and wrinkled face betokened an age of seventy years or more. His coat, a shabby black, seemed to have been exposed to the full fury of the storm, and he had a wild, haggard look in his eyes.

To receive such a wayfarer on such a night was but common charity, and it took only a moment for Tom to recover from his surprise sufficiently to offer his aged guest a seat before the fire. It was gratefully accepted, and Tom was soon brewing a hot whiskey and doing what he could to make the old man comfortable. He appeared greatly touched by Tom's thoughtfulness, but could not be prevailed upon either to eat or drink. Tom was about to urge him, when he said: —

"My son, I owe you an apology for coming here at such an hour. You have been very kind to me, but I have still one favor to ask — in fact, I have tramped many hours to get here. This is the room I occupied when a Bowdoin student, fifty years ago.

In this dormitory occurred events which I can never forget in this world — or in the next, if there be a next — Who knows? My son, you will not refuse an old man a kindness, the last he will ever ask?"

The old man had risen as he spoke. His thin, bony hand, rested upon Tom's shoulder, but his eyes stared off into vacancy, and seemed to be fixed on some scene long since past. Tom shuddered. There was something in the stranger's manner which awed him. He feared to obey, but he dared not refuse.

The old man turned toward the door. Tom hesitated, and then, as if compelled by some unknown power, followed. Together they descended the stairs. A spade, a crowbar, and a lighted lantern were at the outer door. These they took, and without a word stepped out into the storm.

On the eastern side of the building, cut through the granite of the foundation, was a small window giving access to the basement beneath. Tom had probably passed that window a dozen times a day, but he had never given it a moment's thought. Thither the old man led the way. He forced open the window without difficulty, and clambered in. Tom passed in the tools, and then he, too, crawled through the window and dropped to the floor below.

The old cellar seemed not to have been touched for years. Here and there rose brick pillars supporting the massive beams, and at intervals the thickening of the foundation walls showed where the chimneys rose. A few short pieces of timber,

left perhaps by the builders, lay scattered about in the loose sand which formed the floor. Everywhere were dust and cobwebs.

At the farther corner the old man halted, and bade Tom dig. The sand was loose and dry, and a few moment's work uncovered a large stone slab. This they raised with the crowbar, and the light of the lantern disclosed a rough ladder leading down into a vault.

The eagerness with which the old man descended the ladder overcame Tom's fears for the moment, but no sooner were both inside the vault than Tom wished himself anywhere but where he was. There, on the floor before him, lay the remains of a human body, from which the whitened skull peered out at them with a fiendish grin.

Half dazed, Tom was aware that the old man was speaking: —

"Fifty years ago to-night! That is Jim lying there. They said I murdered him because he was to marry Dorothy, but they never could find his body. Ha-ha-ha! These old walls keep secrets well! I've tramped all night to find you, Jim. Shall we sleep here side by side as we used to in the good old college days? — Hold, there! You shall not have her! I say you shall not!"

How Tom got back to his room he never quite remembered. He had an indistinct recollection of an old man raving around the vault, of trying to climb up the ladder, and then, just as he reached the cellar,

of hearing a sound as though of a falling body, and then all was silence. Beyond this he remembered nothing.

When Jack Baring came in from Portland by the early train, he found Tom, his roommate, in the arm-chair, apparently just waking from a heavy sleep. "Halloo, Tom! What's the matter? You look as if you'd been on an all night jag!" and Jack threw the morning paper at Tom's head. "There's an item in there that you can work up for the *Orient*. Old Bowdoin student died at the State insane asylum last night. Class of Forty-something. Went crazy and murdered his roommate when in college. I say, Tom, what is the matter with you?"

But Tom did not answer.

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON NASON, '99

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF CHARLIE FOX

IN the days when the outside steps slanted, and there were swing doors covered with black enamel cloth, and the stairs were scooped out by wear, the banisters battered, and the window panes so little that it was an inexpensive pastime to break them — in short, in the old days, it seemed no matter what anybody did to Maine Hall. Then everybody forgot, sooner or later, that he had a soul, and lost respect for property and propriety. That, of course, was the reason why Sophomores threw bottles at the End lamp, pried off plastering, and emptied ashes on Freshmen; and why Charlie Fox plotted his plot against Rob and Rube, regardless of the door and the door-post.

It might be thought, perhaps, that Rob and Rube moved Charlie by their deeds. They were both Freshmen, both from North Jay, and, therefore both ignorant of the unwritten laws — for a time. The law they ought most to have known would have read something like this: "The noise of sports you can't stop — let it go: the noise of the innocent is incongruous — stop it." This law, of course, was especially applicable to Freshmen. Still they were ignorant, and innocent too. Rube played primitive jigs on a fiddle that was always long in tuning, never in

tune. Rob growled a bass to the air, and stamped out the time directly over Charlie's desk. These things usually influence a Sophomore.

Charlie, however, was not a hot Sophomore. He was small, mild and sluggish. At Hallowe'en he stayed in his room. The fellows said he was no earthly use. It was not the Sophomoric spirit that dragged him down — it was something else.

Yet, having heard two generations of Seniors discuss Prexie's recitations at the club, he thought he had a large way of looking at things. He used to talk the matter over dispassionately with Deacon Edwards. A sympathy drew them together. They agreed in finding something humorous in the frequent use of big words and class-room phrases. The deacon, though, was the more inoffensive. He had a little falsetto voice and near-sighted eyes. He devoted himself intensely to minding his own business. His only outside interest was that he was on the jury. Charlie often said to him, "You should serve the community, O Deacon — you are inadequately altruistic." Several times, when he was upon the Rob and Rube disturbances, he had even hinted that the Deacon should lend himself to a plot. One evening, rather early, as he was on his way back from the hydrant, he stopped at Deacon's room — always, in such circumstances, an inviting half-way house to him — and he said:

"Deak, it's got to come. I see my duty. Kant postulates that you should make your actions perfect little hard-wood and brass-mounted models for the

Cosmos to follow. I am in a room in which Freshmen riot. I must set an example. I wouldn't have the universe kept awake nights. I must show it what it can do in a case like this."

The Deacon threw a scared glance at Charlie's pail and pitcher.

"Of course not," Charlie exclaimed. "It will be a far, far better job that I do than has ever been done. It will be a far, far better rest that I go to than I have known for many weeks. It's coming, Deak. I but await my moment. Good night."

These remarks sounded as if Charlie were making a personal grudge of the matter; but, as he clambored up the second flight, he thought he looked upon his vengeance as impersonal, and on himself as a sort of vicar of fate. It was with his surroundings that the blame really lay. They had stifled his soul. He was no fit person to interpret fate. Yet he committed himself to the defacing of the door and the door-posts. That gave the rest a chance to be inevitable.

On this very night, which, as it happened, was a little before Thanksgiving, Rube and Rob had invited half a dozen Freshmen around to their room. There was to be an examination in Quadratics the next morning but they were unbalanced by the prospect of the holiday, and, besides, they always got their lessons before dusk. They thought, too, that they were going to have the End almost to themselves, for they had seen a lot of fellows starting with suit-cases for the quarter of five train.

(There was to be an assembly in Portland, though they did not know this.) Just as Charlie opened his Genung and despondingly forced himself at a paragraph headed "Synchronism of Events," the Freshmen began to arrive. From the fact that they kicked the door to announce their arrival, and that, in response, Rube bellowed, "Come in, gol darn ye," Charlie augured an evening of abandon. Now, if he was not a violent Sophomore, Charlie had all a Sophomore's sophistication, and this, added to his natural fastidiousness about some things and his hopelessness of grasping the sense of the rubric in the rhetoric, set him to caricaturing to himself the scene overhead. He was sure the Freshmen were eating corn-cakes, and that Rube was in his shirt sleeves, and that when he should get out the fiddle, he would imagine he was playing for a contra in the Grange Hall. Charlie sat in nervous dread, waiting for the first scrape of the bow; yet when it came it rasped him like a file. The jigs squeaked away one after another, amid stamps and thumps that jarred the ceiling. For a long time it was all ignorance and innocence. Then came something that was neither. For Rube, wrought by the hubbub into an irresistible desire to show off, fiddled the first bar of Phi Chi. One of the Freshmen sang "Swing Out"—pretty loudly—there was a guffaw—another voice added more loudly, "The Brave"—and a third, very loudly, "Old Banner." Then the crowd guffawed with might and main.

All at once Charlie seemed to have got hold of his

rubric, for, he flung the book on the floor as if he was done with it. He got up and opened his door. By the light he let into the hall he saw a meek Freshman, whose name he didn't know, toiling up the last flight. This furtive being went along to Rube's door and rapped. The boisterousness, which for the moment was ready to take alarm easily, hushed at once. Rube called anxiously, "Come in." The Freshman half opened the door, and said:

"Have any of you boys got the fortieth problem? I know we shall have it in the exam. tomorrow, and I can't get the right answer."

The boisterousness vented its relief by redoubling: "Ho! Ho! Ho!" — "Darn the exam." — "Come sit on the floor and let your feet hang down" — "Have some peanuts" — "Nobody in the End but Fox" "He ain't foxy" — "To hill with him!" The door slammed on the chorus, as the Freshman was pull-hauled into the room.

Charlie knew now that he understood "synchronism of events." He went swiftly down to Deacon's room again — very swiftly.

"Deacon," he said, "those Freshmen are making a rotten racket. Their levity is unseemly, and they have offered indignities to my name. By and by the coast is going to be clear. There is an exam. in algebra to-morrow. My moment comes. And why not, why not to-night?"

"What do you think you're going to do?" piped Deacon.

"Have you any picture wire?" Charlie counter-questioned.

"I don't know. What do you want with it?"

"Have you a gimlet?" Charlie went on.

"Just rest your face and hands a minute and say what for?" Deacon insisted.

"Above all, have you any screw eyes? Now brace up and tell me. If you haven't I'm going down to Furbish's and get the whole outfit."

"Furbish is shut up to-night."

"Darn, I forgot," said Charlie. "Then those things have got to be in your coal closet."

Charlie opened the closet door and began rummaging. "Deak, say that you will help me in the hour of my need," he coaxed, as he strained for a green pasteboard box in the far corner on the shelf over the coal.

"For the thirteenth and third time, help you what? Deacon squeaked impatiently.

"You know just as well as I do, what," Charlie replied, bringing out the box and putting it on the table. "If this conspiracy is to be a conspiracy, we must talk in cipher."

"I'm scat," Deacon responded, "and I'm moral. I'm on the jury."

"I'll blindfold you so you can't see. There are only three eyes here. I couldn't drive those big screws alone. You've got to help me."

"Are you just common ordinary going to lock them in?" Deacon wanted to know.

"How did you guess? Charlie murmured sweetly.

"Can't you think of anything brighter than that?" Deacon objected. No longer able to shut his eyes to facts, he was trying disapproval. He roomed comfortably far away from the noise.

"That's the lovely gimlet," Charlie exclaimed. "Now Deak, my boy," he went on, as he stood on a chair and unhooked Deacon's framed High School diploma from the moulding with the poker. I know it would be wrong, if it were not right. From the standpoint of the whole, Deak — think of that. Of course the plan has been worked many a time and oft before, but this time it's so appropriately synchronic. That farmer Rube is the worst chinner in the class. He's after the math. prize. He has bought a log. table already. He wants to rush into the arms of that exam. to-morrow, and there isn't a ghost of a rope in his room."

"Let the infants alone," Deacon said sleepily. "Let my art gallery alone, too."

"Don't be selfish, Deacon," Charlie retorted. I'll bear my fair share. I'll contribute the screwdriver." And he busily disentangled the wire from the picture of the class Indian-club squad. "Now come on, Deak; be generous, be just, be — Hark to the kids now."

The Freshmen had come out upstairs with pandemonium. "Good-night, Rob." "Put his eye out on that problem now, Jimmie. "Get a move, Rube, if you want your algebra out of my room to-night." "I'm coming, wait a sec." "Let me alone, or I'll push your face." Bump, bump. Down they came

with horse play and horse laughs ; as they were passing the door Rube's voice was the loudest in the clamor. Suddenly there came a crash of an overturned ash-pan, a rattle of clinkers, and a metallic grating as the pan slid down the stairs. Deacon jumped and threw open the door. His ash-pan was gone, but Rube stood there gasping in a cloud of dust, while the rest ran down the stairs or scurried back along the entry into the dark.

"What in thunderation are you doing to my ash-pan?" Deacon burst out, bristling all he could.

"I never touched your ash-pan," Rube spluttered sullenly.

"See here," Deacon squealed half an octave higher, "You Freshmen are getting altogether too fresh. You've made a horrible racket the whole evening. Now clear out of the End."

"I never touched your old ash-pan, you darned little fool." Rube's voice rose too.

"Get to Hades out of the End," Deacon shrieked, and went in and banged his door.

"Now," jeered Charlie, "what do you think?"

"Wait till he comes back," fumed Deacon.

"Presently Rube's heavy feet crunched on the ash-covered stairs. They passed along, up to the top floor, and his door slammed. The End was still. Deacon put away the green box in his methodical fashion. Charlie straightened the kinks in the wire. They waited half an hour.

"Do you suppose they have gone to bed now? Charlie wondered. "I've got to go get some water,"

Deacon answered, " I'll look up and see if their light's out."

" It's dark as a pocket, " he said excitedly when he came back.

They collected their wire and screws and gimlet, and stole up the stairs. At Charlie's room they stopped while Charlie got his screw-driver and his lamp, which he turned down carefully. Then they tiptoed slowly up the last flight and along to Rube's door, where Charlie set down the dim light.

For a minute they listened intently. There was no stir within. They set to work, both at the beginning very conscious of themselves and rather foolish at heart. Every once in awhile they would look at one another and laugh with a sibilant but otherwise soundless tee-hee that made their shoulders shake. They half forced themselves to do this; they thought the situation should seem funnier than it did and were trying to help it out. So they silenced the last faint protest of an expiring conscience.

They put in the screws on the door post first. It is awkward driving screws into a right door post when the door is shut. They strained and twisted and puffed and panted. Once the screw-driver slipped and fell to the floor. Nothing resulted, however, and they grew less cautious and so were quicker at their work. When at last they had the three big screws into the door post at a sharp outward slant, one near the top, one in the middle and one about a foot from the sill, they screwed the eyes

close to the screws, at the height, into the door itself. The rest of the business was the agreeable part. It was pleasant twisting the wire around the screws and passing it through the eye, and twisting it some more, and threading the eye again. When the work was done the door was fastened firmly.

"They will have to chop it down if they come out," Charlie said grimly, aloud.

He turned up the lamp, and they went down the stairs with unnecessary noise, because they felt the security of the past.

Now if only Charlie had had a latent respect for doors and door posts he would not have started downward. But his soul was gone, like the paint from the panels, and the plastering from the walls. He looked upon himself, foresooth, as the instrument of fate. He deceived himself. Fate was not on his side. Fate thwarted him and made him mad.

This was the moving of fate. The day before Rube had accepted a position as teacher of the school at Windham Center, through a Winter term that was to begin at once. As a consequence there came on the midnight train, even while Charlie and the Deacon were at their stealthy work, a letter containing the summons of the Windham Center school committee to Rube, and bearing a special delivery stamp. Not long after the dawn of that chill November morning an emissary of the post-office appeared in the End. Following the direction on the envelope, he mounted to Rube's door. He was not an ingenious person — fate ordained it so. He aroused

Rob and Rube. He communicated the situation to them. Rube had never received a special delivery letter before — he burned with impatience and called to the emissary to stick it under the door. The emissary couldn't. Then Rube besought him to do something. The emissary lacked resource; he didn't see that he could untwist the wire with his fingers. Rube urged him to seek assistance. He conceived that assistance could come only in the form of a screw-driver. He rapped at the room opposite Rube's in vain — the Juniors who had it were gone to Portand. He got no help on the top floor. Rube told him, softly, to go down to the door on the left at the foot of the stairs, and ask to borrow a screw-driver, and say he wanted it to fix an electric light with. The door on the left at the foot of the stairs was Charlie's. He awoke Charlie and asked to borrow a screw-driver to fix an electric light with. Charlie was polite to strangers, he was also somewhat drowsy, and he was not dressed. He made no investigations till later. Then he found out that they had turned his own screw-driver against him. Fate knows how to make men mad.

There is no extenuation for Charlie except that the descent to Avernus is easy, and that his surroundings started him downward. In those days one contrived that a pail and a pitcher of water should last long, to offset the fact that the way to the hydrant was long. So even after his morning scrub Charlie had a full pail and nearly a full pitcher. Therein his surroundings were further to blame.

When Rube, who took longer than usual to dress that morning because he put on his black diagonal suit — when Rube was half way down the middle flight he was aware of a rush from Charlie's door. He looked up. An inverted pail shot out a frayed tongue which came down on him in one long, arching flash. It struck him on the head and ear and shoulder and knocked him against the wall. It deluged his eyes and blinded him. It ran down his back and froze him. He thrust his neck into his shoulders, tried to pull up his coat over his head, and jumped for the floor, but not soon enough to evade a second, thinner, more oblique, but very wet and cold, stream. That was from the pitcher. He retreated to the corner and stood at bay, for he was big and hated to run. He squeezed his sprawled fingers over his hair, so that it plastered down on his forehead, pressed them into his eyes, drew them across his cheeks, and snapped the drops from the end of them. Then he looked up and saw little Charlie Fox gloating over him with hard eyes.

"Yer think ye're smart, don't yer?" he sneered.

"Deacon!" Charlie screamed.

On that chill November Charlie Fox fell off the end of the descent into Avernus — he fell to the depths — and he did not fall alone.

HARRY EDWIN ANDREWS, '94

HIGGINS

WHEN Higgins arrived at the beginning of the fall term, having gathered up his luggage which consisted of a well-worn valise and a home-made bundle wrapped in brown paper, he went straight to the campus and began making inquiries for President Hyde and asking questions about the fraternities. How it was that every one seemed to know that he was a Freshman he could not understand, for he had told no one, and besides he had been in Brunswick hardly a half-hour. Higgins was tall and thin, and walked with a slight stoop of body and head ; his wrists were not hidden by his coat sleeves, and the expression of his long face was rendered trusting and childlike by a drooping lower lip and guileless blue eyes. His hair hung over the back of his collar, which was not high enough to encase his long, thin neck, and wide, baggy trousers, slapping back and forth as he walked, barely came to the tops of his shoes.

He soon found out that in Bowdoin there are certain customs which it is necessary to abide by, and incidentally he discovered that the way of the transgressor of these customs is hard. After a while he obtained a good working knowledge of these laws, and would good-naturedly take a ducking, cheerfully crawl into recitations, or deferentially doff his cap to any pert little Sophomore, and sometimes, in his

eagerness to please, to some of his own classmates, much to their glee. All this he did, not in a spirit of resentment, but with a readiness amounting almost to zest. There was nothing which he would have considered an infringement of his rights. Had a footpad taken his scanty purse he would have looked at the act simply as one of the incidentals of Freshman year, and made no complaint. His docility became proverbial.

One day while crossing a street with his customary air of abstraction he heard a sudden shout, and looking up, saw a horse rearing over him. He had no time to dodge, but was knocked down and badly bruised before the driver could rein in. Higgins rose with a limp, dusted his coat, and, as the man in the team began to make profuse apologies, checked him with a deprecating gesture. "That's all right, sir," he said, cordially, as he caressed an injured elbow, "that's all right. I'm a Freshman." There was not the least sarcasm in his voice or manner, only explanatory assurance; and the man in the team smiled as he looked at the simple face, and asked him if he "wouldn't like to ride." Higgins got in and rode for the rest of the afternoon; and Mr. Jordan, for so he had introduced himself, admitted that he was a "mighty sensible feller even if he was a student," and urged him to ride again. Before he had a chance to avail himself of this pleasure, the following incident changed his standing among the fellows.

While going to his room one evening two "Sophs"

seized upon him, and, having blindfolded him, led him by a rather circuitous route over an extensive territory, the predominating characteristic of which seemed to Higgins to be the multitude and frequency of fences, some of which he crawled under and others which he clambered over, but upon all of which he sharply cracked his shins. At last they reached a cemetery where attempts to follow the advice of "Step up!" nearly succeeded in dislocating his legs, as they unexpectedly dropped a foot or two. Finally he heard them confiding to each other in hollow, but distinctly audible whispers the gruesome information that it would be well to leave him in the tomb for a day or two. On reaching the tomb there was some little work in forcing the lock, some whispered consultation, and then the smaller of the guides said, "Now Parker, hurry over to the well-house and get the lantern while I watch the 'Fresh.'" But Parker had gone hardly a hundred feet when there came a flash and a bang near by, and a voice shouting excitedly, "That's them, boys! After 'em." Higgins' guardian slipped the bandage from his eyes, and told him to "run for it," setting a most lively example himself. But unfortunately his ankle turned on the top step, and he rolled to the bottom, where Higgins could hear him cursing softly. Hurrying down the steps, the late prisoner whispered, "Are you hurt?"

"Yes," was the hurried reply, "sprained my ankle or something. But don't mind me, Fresh, leg it for all that's in you."

"Why?" asked Higgins, calmly.

"'Why?' you chump. Because they'll catch you if you stay here. They've been threatening to watch these tombs, and now they've done it. Rush now, you can make it. Don't be scared of their noise; they're only shooting blanks."

"But what will you do?" said Higgins.

"Me? Oh, don't you mind me," was the reply. "They'll have me put in the 'cooler,' but that's nothing. See here! You're a decent chap, and I don't want you to get caught. You get, now."

"All right," said Higgins, slowly. "I will," and reaching down he put his long arms around his companion, and lifted him easily. "No 'cooler' if I can help it," he said. But just as he got to the top of the steps a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, a lantern flashed in his face, and an angry voice cried, "Here, you rascal!" Then the hand fell, and the owner of it whistled in surprise. "Why, it's you!" "Yes," said Higgins, truthfully, "it is, but who are you? "I'm Jordan," was the answer, "the man that run you down the other day. Now what in thunder you doin' here? "Taking an evening stroll," the Freshmen answered innocently, "and with your permission I'll keep on;" and he started. "But hold on here," cried Jordan. "Have you been breakin' these locks? And who's that you're luggin'? "No, I haven't broken any locks; and this is a friend of mine. Good night. I'm coming to ride with you to morrow;" and off he went.

"Well," muttered Jordan, with a chuckle, "if that ain't cool."

"Higgins," said the Sophomore, when his room had been reached, "Higgins, you're a brick. My name is Gordon. Come and see me to-morrow."

Jack Gordon told the fellows what a "'corker' that old Higgins" was, and they all agreed that he'd had enough. Mr. Jordan did not find out who broke the lock; but he did say in regard to the Freshman, "that feller warn't such a darn'd fool as he looked;" a compliment which greatly pleased Higgins when he heard of it.

GEORGE H. STOVER, '03

LONGFELLOW'S COLLEGE DAYS

A MORE remarkable class never gathered under American college roof-tree than the Bowdoin class of 1825," wrote Lyman Abbott some twenty years ago. Time has yet to disprove this statement. And now comes the assurance that the Italian government is about to honor two members of this class by the erection of their statues in Rome, a mark of distinction never before accorded to any American citizen. Nathaniel Hawthorne is conceded by many to be the ablest novelist America has yet produced; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is surely the most widely known and most sincerely loved of our poets. Of the college life of the two men that of the latter is by far the more interesting.

By his mother Longfellow descended from John Alden, of colonial fame, the same who played such an important part in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." His father, Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was a leader of the Maine bar and a member of the National Congress; more than that he went by the name of the "honest lawyer," a fact which shows that the learned profession was not always above reproach even in those days. Feb. 27, 1807, in one of the fine old houses of Portland, such as were built seventy or eighty years ago in all New England seaports,

that of Capt. Samuel Stephenson, Longfellow was born. Fourteen years later, in company with his brother Stephen, two years older than himself, he entered the Sophomore class of Bowdoin College.

During their first year the brothers took a room in the house of Parson Titcomb on Federal street. Few need be told that this house, many years later, was the home of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That Mrs. Stowe is said to have thought out the plot for her story Sunday after Sunday while attending devotional exercises at the church on the hill, may be less generally known, but the fact remains that few houses, have sheltered two so great writers. The boy's room was plainly furnished, and imperfectly heated with a wood fire in the open fireplace. The college day started with the ringing of the chapel bell at six, and morning prayers were held in a building that was deemed too cold during the winter term for any exercises lasting more than fifteen minutes.

An old resident has left this picture of the brothers: "My father lived in the next house toward the college, and I saw them pass daily. When the bell rang for recitations or prayers, Henry left his room forthwith, walking sprightly, with a military gait. At that time he was tall, slim, and as straight as an arrow. On the contrary Stephen would not leave his room till the bell had ceased ringing, walking with a slow gait, stooping in his shoulders, and carrying his book under his arm, with both hands thrust in his trousers pockets. Henry was social and familiar, but careful in choosing his friends."

During his last year in college, Longfellow lived in the "corner room, third story, north end, back side of Winthrop Hall, 'the "Sodom" end,'" writes Rev. Edward Leonard '47. Clearly this is room No. 27 as we know it today.

From this room Longfellow could look out upon the pines, which then grew so close to the buildings that students could shoot from their windows the pigeons alighting in great flocks in the near-by branches. Here he felt the mystery of nature and later wrote:

"Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread in a vapor soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.

"Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood."

Physically, Longfellow was a little less than medium height, weighing about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. "An attractive youth, with auburn locks, clear, fresh, blooming complexion and, as might be presumed, of well-bred manners and bearing," wrote Prof. Packard, his old teacher.

A fellow-collegian writes: "An intimacy commenced between us in his Junior year. . . . After supper we sometimes took a stroll together in the

Brunswick woods, and then adjourned to his room for a little chat and smoke. He never seemed to care for gun or rod and as we wandered together through the woods he never expressed a wish to fire a shot at the flocks of wild pigeons, nor to take the fish of the Androscoggin, though I enjoyed both sorts of sport, and had sometimes for a companion his brother Stephen. Neither did Hawthorne care for field sport."

He was an apt scholar, early giving promise of the work which might be expected from him. But he never let his love for writing interfere with the preparation of his daily lessons. It is a college tradition that in his Sophomore year, at the annual examination of his class, his rendering of an ode of Horace so pleased Hon. Benjamin Orr of the examining committee, that his appointment, six months after graduation, as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at his Alma Mater, was due to this very impression upon the man who later had it in his power to favorably recommend Longfellow.

While in college he contributed to the Poet's Corner of the Portland papers, also to the *United States Literary Gazette*, a quarto of sixteen pages, published in Boston for the first time in 1824, devoted to literary, miscellany and book reviews. William Cullen Bryant, just coming into literary fame, was one of the chief attractions of the *Gazette*. The editor generously offered to pay Bryant his own price for his poems. After some hesitation it is said Mr. Bryant

fixed on two dollars a poem as a fair renumeration. Probably Longfellow was no better paid.

During his college life Longfellow wrote, "An April Day." "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "The Spirit of Poetry," "Woods in Winter," and "Sunrise on the Hills," all of which appear in his printed works.

He graduated third in a class famed for its scholarship. In a letter to his sister and mother he says: "How I came to get so high is rather a mystery to me, inasmuch as I have never been a remarkably hard student, touching college studies; except during my Sophomore year when I used to think that I was studying pretty hard. In five weeks we shall be set free from college for one month. Then comes Commencement; and then — and then — I cannot say what will be after that." But in reading his letters to his mother one can easily see that he had a fixed longing to take up literature as a profession. His father, though desiring him to study law, had the good sense to respect the wishes of the son.

Longfellow was always punctual in his work, a trait which later bore rich fruit. Many months before the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of his class he was asked to write a poem to be read at the Commencement exercises. He at once set about the work. Scarcely had the poem been completed when he was taken sick, recovering only shortly before the final exercises of the year. Had he been an idler "Morituri Salutamus" would never have been written. After graduation he spent three years

in foreign travel and study, fitting himself to conduct a department such as was then known in no other American college. He would not enter unprepared into his work; and the college waited for him, in itself a rare compliment.

Possibly the days spent here as a teacher were as happy as any of those when he was a student. Of his home here before he was called to Cambridge, known as the Judge Barrows House, the poet thus writes (June 23, 1832): "I can almost fancy myself in Spain, the morning is so soft and beautiful. The tassellated shadow of the honeysuckle lies motionless upon my study floor as if it were a figure in the carpet, and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild briar and the mock orange. The birds are caroling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dash to and fro in the sunshine; while the murmur of the bees, the cooing of the doves from the eaves, and the whirring of a little humming bird that has its nest in the honeysuckle — send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun." Life was full of meaning to such a man!

Foreign countries may continue to honor great men but to no poet have so many invisible but lasting monuments been reared in so many hearts and homes as to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ROSCOE RANDALL PAINE, '03

THE DAY BEFORE THE GAME

"YOU'VE got to do it, Hal, there's no way out" and Teddy Perrin flung himself despairingly into a convenient Morris chair. "Now if Biddy Reynolds or even Tommy were out of it," he continued, "we might stand a show, but without you in the box, — O Hal!"

Harold Raymond was a Senior and conditioned in Greek, and as he also pitched for the 'Varsity nine, the prospects for the final game of the year did not appear very bright that afternoon to the sympathizing mob in Hal's room.

"What did Doc Murray say to you about the mess," inquired Dick Hathord from the window seat — "'methought that, from his darksome eye some evil did portend' and even I perceived that something was troubling him; he usually has something of importance to impart on such occasions."

Harold turned slowly from the window where he had been watching the antics of a little red squirrel, and wondered why the little animal seemed so joyous, when to him everything was so filled with gloom, and faced the group in the room.

"He said that the rule disqualifying a conditioned man for any 'Varsity team would, in this case, be strictly adhered to — that's all."

"Can't you pass off that Greek before the game?" piped Giggy Saunders, the pet ot the class, from a corner.

"Could *you?*" growled Ted.

The pet calmly lit his pipe and offered the match to Ted.

"Have a light, dear? Don't be so peevish."

"I've worked on the stuff till I'm sick," Hal continued, "but I know less about it now than I did when I started. It's all up, fellows, I don't see how I can pass that exam to-morrow, and his voice shook.

"Well," broke in the irrepressible Giggy, "if you don't pass that exam you can't play; and if you don't play we can't win; and if we don't win ——!" and he turned his pockets inside out.

A well directed pillow temporarily silenced the pet.

"I don't see what —" began Dick.

"Come in," called Hal in response to a firm knock, and the baseball coach walked into the room.

"How's the arm, old man? Cheer up! You look as sour as a green persimmon;" and the coach made a grimace. "Tell me all about it."

The Lit. bell rang at that moment and Hal was left alone with the coach.

No one ever knew what was said that afternoon between them, but when the moon rose that night it looked into No. 26 and was very likely astonished, for it saw Frank Moore, second baseman in the National League and coach, and Harold Raymond, the 'Varsity pitcher, hard at work with a Greek Lexicon between them.

The coach had gone and Hal was alone. He ceased writing and stood looking out over the campus. The soft morning spring breeze stole through the window and stirred the papers on his desk and a small piece covered with fine writing, which resembled Greek, fluttered to the floor. With a start he picked it up, walked over to the mantle and stood looking at a picture. It was that of a girl in a blue sailor, and Hal fancied the dark eyes to be a trifle sad.

"What would she say?" he thought; and as he looked his fingers began to tear the piece of paper into bits. When it was completely torn up he threw them out of the window and watched them fall to the ground. The game was to-morrow, and She would be there. He saw the crowd on Whittier field. They needed him in the box. The score was against the team he loved. "Put Raymond in. Rah! Rah! Rah! R-a-y-m-o-n-d. Why don't they put Raymond in?" He heard the shouting, and with a start he looked at his watch. The examination was at nine o'clock.

Returning to the desk he opened the Lexicon and tried to study. It was no use, the letters seemed to be all blurred and something kept shouting in his ear, "Think of the disgrace, the game, the fellows, think of Her." With a set, despairing face he rose from his chair and went to the mantel. "I've got to do it," he muttered. "I must pass. I can't — I can't fail." He put the picture in a drawer and turned the key. Then he sat down at his desk, opened a book, and wrote rapidly on another small piece of

paper, and again the writing looked like Greek. This finished, he put the paper in his pocket and slammed the door.

In the examination room, in Lower Memorial, all was quiet. Doc Murray was in earnest conversation with Prof. Rankin, and everyone was at work. Outside, the air was soft with spring, the birds were singing, and the sunshine danced through the elms and maples to the campus below.

Near the Science Building someone was singing. Hal read his paper through carefully. What were the answers to the last two questions? He only needed one of them anyway, and of course he would think of it in a moment. How absurd to forget it when it was most needed!

He glanced at the clock. In five minutes the papers must be handed in. What was that answer? Perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. Such a little thing to stand in the way of — what? The game — the fellows — Her. It was too cruel. Hal's hand stole to his pocket. The doctor was still deeply absorbed in the conversation. "Just this once," he groaned. Someone was still singing and he caught the refrain —

> **"But loyal hearts are more than coronets,**
> **And simple faith than Norman blood."**

"Doc — dear old Doc, and those at home," he choked. "Yes, they had faith in him, were loyal to him, and She — She, too, had faith."

He straightened himself, folded the examination

paper, and with eyes blinded with tears, walked down between the desks and gave it to the doctor. Then with head erect he strode out into the joyous sunshine.

The prevalent opinion was that Doc would be "stiff," but this assumption was not justified; for Ted, walking by the chapel late that afternoon, glanced at the bulletin board, stopped, tore from it a list of the men who had removed conditions in Greek and raced over to 26.

* * * * * * * * *

The day after the game Giggy met Raymond coming up from the station.

"How's the arm, old man?" he called.

"Say, Hal, can you change a ten? These large bills do annoy me. So inconvenient you know. Can't do it? O, well, I suppose violets are rather expensive."

Giggy laughingly ducked an "out" and went on between the elms of the Chapel path singing —

"But loyal hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

FRANK KEITH RYAN, '05

THE SPIRIT OF FIFTEEN APPLETON

WHAT a dolt I was, Phil, to let the room go! If I'd only known for sure that you were coming back this year, I'd have fixed it all up last spring. To think that it goes to a Freshman! That's what grates on me."

The speaker was Frank Chadbourne, a tall, rather handsome fellow, whose face wore an expression of disgust hardly consistent with Senior dignity.

"And how did Freshie come to steal a march on us?" questioned the other, a good-natured little Junior, whose round, jovial face betokened a temperament above any annoyance from such a calamity.

"His dad came down with him in the vacation, I understand. That accounts for it. The best, sunniest room in Appleton, hardwood floor and all. Can't blame him for jumping at it."

The Senior settled back into the luxury of the sofa pillows and pulled lazily at his pipe. His expression became more resigned. Suddenly he started up and exclaimed:

"By Jove, old chap, there he is now, I'll bet you!"

The Junior dropped his book and rose to look from the window. A slight, boyish figure was coming up the path, a youth of seventeen years, perhaps.

He carried a suit-case, an umbrella, and a big brown paper bundle. His eyes were scanning the upper windows of the dormitory, and his leisurely pace was that of one uncertain of his destination.

"I guess you're right, Frank," he said, "looks rather rural, doesn't he?" and with no further comment he resumed his reading.

The step of the Freshman slowly ascending the stairs was heard from below.

"I'd better make his acquaintance, I suppose," said the Senior, and he sauntered out to meet the newcomer at the head of the stairs. The mild brown eyes of the Freshman met his gaze without flinching.

"Going to room in this End?" he inquired good-naturedly.

"Yes, sir."

The Freshman deposited the suit-case carefully on the floor and shifted the bundle to the other arm. The case was a new one free from scar or scratch. On the end was printed in bold letters

H. N. Dodge.

"Where are you from?" asked the Senior.

"Mattonville, New Hampshire."

Why, your name isn't, er, Dodge, is it? Oh, I know about you then." He held out his hand cordially. "Glad to see you, I'm sure. What's the number or your room? Fifteen? I had that room last year. Let's go up and look things over." He took the next flight three stairs at a bound, then

stopped before Number 15 and waited for the Freshman who came laboring up the stairs with his luggage. "Got the key?" he asked.

The key was produced and they entered the room. How familiar its atmosphere seemed to him! He felt at home, once more within its walls.

"Have a smoke?" He offered the Freshman a cigarette which was declined with thanks. "It makes a first-rate room," he began, "quiet, convenient, nice hardwood floor."

"Yes," said the Freshman, "Father decided on it for me."

"Perhaps you will want some of these furnishings," continued the Senior. "They go with the room. I'll let you have that couch for eight dollars. It's mighty comfortable and there's lots of wear in it yet. There's a chiffonier as good as new for five dollars. That table you can have for two. This rug looks rather worn, we'll throw it in if you take the other things."

Then as the Freshman looked dubious he continued:

"It always went against me to soak Freshmen. Still there are some that do, and you've got to have your eyes open." And he related in detail how three years before he had purchased a bed without springs and a Morris chair that fell to pieces the first day it was used.

The Freshman promised to profit by his advice. After some hesitation he asked:

"Does that belong to you?"

His eyes were fixed upon a tall mahogany book-case in the farther corner of the room. It might have been quite a pretentious piece of furniture in its day. At the base were two doors which bore scars and traces of kicks. Above the doors was a spacious drawer. The book-shelves in the upper part were empty, and the glass doors with their dark, vague background, gave out distorted reflections of surrounding objects.

The Senior meditated. "I ought to get twelve dollars for that," he said. "I gave fifteen for it."

"I don't know as I really need it," said the Freshman, then added apologetically, "I haven't many books now, you see."

The Senior's face grew more grave. "I've got to tell you something," he said, "seeing that you are to have this room." Then after a moment's pause he continued: "Back in the seventies there was a janitor, a peculiar old fellow, who had sole charge of the halls and looked after the fellows' rooms. I've heard alumni tell about him. He thought more of this college than the students themselves. When there was a successful season in athletics, no one made more of it than he. When the teams had hard luck there was no one who could cheer the fellows up as he could, for all he took it to heart so himself. Every one round the college thought a lot of him. He was a faithful old chap and died at his work — shock, I believe — right here in this room." He paused and gazed out of the window toward the Art Building.

"But what about the bookcase?" asked the Freshman, getting interested.

The Senior looked at him sharply. "This is just between you and me, you understand."

The Freshman grew sober. "Yes," he assented.

"The last man that occupied this room before me never noticed anything unusual until one winter term when his room-mate was out teaching and he had the room all to himself. One night he had finished a theme and left it folded on his desk to pass in the following day. When he got up the next morning there lay the theme, just where he had left it, with a big ink spot on the cover. There was a cloth on the desk that some one had used to wipe up ink, and a blotter that had a blot on it to match the one on the paper. The door was locked — key on the inside — second floor room — double windows on. What was he to think?"

The half incredulous look died out of the mild brown eyes as they encountered the penetrating gaze of the Senior.

After a moment's pause he continued: "That fellow kept it to himself. There wasn't much to tell anyway, and he thought he might get the laugh on him if he told it out around. Nothing else happened for about a month. Then one night, when he was sick and couldn't sleep, he heard noises. It was about two in the morning. There was a grating sound that seemed to come from this bookcase. Then the furniture seemed to be moved about. After awhile the sounds stopped, but he lay and lis-

tened until morning. It occurred to him that it was the seventh of the month, and that it had been on the seventh of the preceding month that the themes were due. So he made up his mind to keep awake on the seventh of the next month — *there were the same noises then.*

The Freshman looked hard at the bookcase.

"Well," resumed the Senior, "when I signed for this room, I bought some of his things and he told me about the bookcase. The noises, he said, always began there with that grating sound; that's the strange part of it. He wrote to several of the past occupants of the room and, as far back as he could trace it, the bookcase has been right here. He said he felt that it ought not to be moved. I didn't take much stock in his story, but I always did like old furniture and I thought fifteen dollars a fair price for the thing."

"And did you ever hear anything?" asked the Freshman.

"Not for some time. Last February I went to a dance down to Bath. It was the sixth. I got back a little after one, sat down at my desk and wrote a few letters until my room-mate returned. It must have been about two o'clock when we turned in. I hadn't been in bed more than ten minutes when I was startled by a noise — that grating sound from the bookcase. That set me to thinking, and I remembered it was the morning of the seventh. The noises weren't anything alarming, but if wasn't

very pleasant that first night. My room-mate slept right through it. When I asked him in the morning, he said he hadn't heard a thing."

The Senior relighted his pipe. "Oh, it's not bad after you get used to it," he added reassuringly. "Anyway you'd better buy the bookcase. I shouldn't think of moving it. It might make trouble."

He had his hand on the door-knob, about to go, when he turned and said:

"Just think it over, and I guess you'll see it as I do. If you want advice of any sort call around. You'll find me in Number 4. Oh, don't mention it," he interrupted as the Freshman thanked him, and, as he leisurely decended the stairs, he smiled.

The following afternoon Frank Chadbourne startled his roommate by his boisterous entrance.

"It's all right about 15," he cried, tossing a letter into Phil's lap.

The Junior took out the folded sheet and read:

MY DEAR MR. CHADBOURNE:—

I have decided to room off the campus this year. Mother wished me to do so and I find it will be more convenient. They tell me at the treasurer's office that some one wants Number 15, so I trust you will have no difficulty in disposing of your furniture. Thanking you for your kind interest in me, Sincerely yours, Harold N. Dodge.

JOHN MERRILL BRIDGHAM, '04

THE MAN WHO FAILED

I WONDER, Jack, if the great and glorious public ever thinks of the man who doesn't make the team," and Ed Cushing turned to his roommate with a half-cynical, half-serious smile on his face, vainly endeavoring to keep down the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

"Hold on there, old man, don't you get all fussed up over that now. It's pretty serious, I know, but something will turn up for your precious self by half-past four to-morrow." And his roommate turned again to his "Pol. Econ." and was oblivious to all other sights and sounds.

"Yes, I know, but it's just my luck. Hang the luck, anyhow," and Cushing gazed moodily out of the window toward the old gymnasium.

He had good cause to feel low-spirited. For four years he had been out on the football squad, battered and banged by men who had beaten him out for the team; for four years he had struggled on manfully, doing his best; and now this year he had been thought of as a sure man for the 'Varsity. He had covered himself with renown in the Colby game; but an unfortunate accident had taken him from the middle of the Amherst game, and by the time he had so recovered from its effects as to be able to play again, the Freshmen who was his strongest competitor had made the team, had distinguished himself

in the Bates game by getting the ball on a fumble and making forty yards. Now on the eve of the Maine game Thornton's name was down on the line-up at right tackle. No wonder Cushing felt blue. He was a Senior. No more games for him. And with this went his last chance of making that coveted "B" for which he had toiled so hard for four years, and which meant so much to him. "I don't really hope for that fellow's getting injured," he thought, "but if something only would happen so that I could get into that game!"

Saturday dawned clear and bright. It was the day of the greatest game of the season. The grand-stand, the sidelines, the bleachers, were all packed with a brilliant and noisy mass of humanity. From one side came the rolling "Rah! Rah! Rah! Maine! Maine! Maine!" while answering back from the Hubbard grand-stand came the snappy "B-O-W-D-O-I-N Rah! Rah! Rah!" The referee's whistle blew. And the game was on. Back, forth, up the field, and down, swayed the two struggling masses of humanity, the hopes and fears of five thousand people swaying with them. The first half ended with neither side scoring. The second half was even more agonizing. It was evident that right tackle was the weak place in the line. Again and again the men in blue plunged into it, till on the twenty-yard line the giant full-back shook his dark hair, smashed into the fatal place, and was half pulled, half carried down the field and over the line for Maine's first touchdown. A wild tumult of joy followed on one

side; corresponding despair on the other. But no one noticed the prostrate form of the Freshman tackle on the ground. A hurried consultation, and the captain came running over to the sidelines, holding up his hand. "Cushing," he called.

At last! His chance had come. The "B" for which he had struggled for four years was his. As he ran out on the field he turned to look up in the grand-stand where She was sitting, with a little knot of white on her coat, and his flowers in her hand. That glance was his undoing. Whether his shoe was slippery, or whether he caught his foot, he never knew, but he slipped and fell heavily on his side.

"Hurry up," cried the captain. Then, as Cushing tried to rise, "Get up, Cush, it's your last chance to make your 'B.'" Cushing tried, but his ankle failed him, and he fainted. The next he knew was finding himself in his room in Appleton, with two faces bending over him. "The game? Tell me quick," was his first word.

"Maine five, Bowdoin nothing," was the answer.

I wish I might say that he got his "B" after all; I wish I might say that he attained the summit of his year's hopes. But he didn't. So, when you cheer for the victors, and for the members of the team, let there be some thought in your heart for the men with as brave a spirit as theirs, with just as much courage and perseverance as they had, but who didn't have a chance to show it. When you give three cheers for the successful men, deep down in your heart give another for the Men Who Failed.

JAMES NEWELL EMERY, '05

THE OLD TUNE

IN the midst of New York City there stands an old-fashioned stone house where the rooms are cheerfully dark and where the massive mahogany and wide-open hearths call back the last century. There lived some thirty years ago Judge Thorndyke and his pretty grandniece. Many an afternoon when the Judge had come home from his court, the two would go to the quaint little music room and there talk and be silent together. And often the girl, so fresh and fair, would pick up her violin and play some sweet familiar airs. One of these, a pretty Scotch tune, the old Judge loves better than snatches from Mozart or Haydn. Perhaps you, my reader, would not recognize the bars, but surely you know the words to which it runs—the words of the peasant poet whose every line you may well imagine is in song:

O my luve is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June.
O my luve is like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks meet wi' the sun!
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

It's a pretty, pretty song, and as the maiden plays the old tune her uncle's head sinks on his bosom; his whole bearing becomes one of sorrowful memories which yet give pleasure, of the sad past that is still dearer than the happy present. Perchance he may see there on the sofa by his side in dim outline the form of two lovers when he was in the heyday of youth, the maiden sweet in her dignity, the man noble in his devotion.

Many and many a time the girl had played that tune for her uncle; many and many a time he had listened without letting a word slip from his lips to tell the reason he loved the song music so well. But one autumn afternoon, as the setting sun was putting to flight a tempest that had raged the day long, his reserve gave him the slip and this is the tale he told. Pardon me for not giving it with his touch of pathos, in his courtly, careful phrases; he was a gentleman of the old school and what may one of our generation know of them?

"Jean," he began abruptly, "it was a day in early September many a year ago, and the little college town of Brunswick was alive with throngs of gay visitors; our shady streets saw fine coaches pass by and got peeps at the gentle ladies and famous men — lawyers and generals — within. It was my Commencement Week, and such an event was a holiday in my time; all the world was there. On the appointed day — a Wednesday, I think it was — there was a torrent of rain, wellnigh a tempest. The exercises were postponed until Thursday, but

that was just as stormy. What fun we graduates had marching in the pouring rain to the unfinished church where we were to receive our A. B.'s; how drenched and eager everyone was! Our honored president was there in the pulpit with an umbrella over his head — and we all agreed his address that time was not a dry one." The old Judge stopped a minute to chuckle over his joke.

"Well, we graduated despite the rain. We had two Commencement balls, too,— we would not let rain stop them. Ah, Jeannie, I wager you young people at that Junior promenade last Monday night did not dance half so gaily as your grandmothers! But I'm not keeping to the evidence. My chum and I — poor fellow, he tottered down the hill long before me, Jean — we were merry and happy. That Thursday afternoon we paid our respects to our two sweethearts who were staying in a house over in Topsham, some two miles from the college. The parlor there was something like this, and how pretty Priscilla Quimby looked in that darkened room, her black hair brought down over her ears, the bodice of her dress cut square across her shoulders, her mien so girlish yet so dignified! For all the fifty years, Jean, I see her as well as I do you.

"Miss Priscilla had with her some songs just from Edinburgh, and as she played them on the harpsichord the rest of us sang. The last one was our favorite:

O my luve is like a red, red rose.

"As we sang it I looked straight into Priscilla's eyes; and such a pretty blush she gave me. All the while the music sang so softly, so plaintively, that both our hearts were full and we parted without a word.

"That night at the second Commencement ball no hand was more popular than my Priscilla's; and we two — an old fellow like me can be conceited, Jean — we two made a graceful sight. Well do I remember the older ladies peeking at us as we passed them in the lively minuet or joined hands for the stately quadrille. We knew we were in love and did not care if all the seventeen states knew it, too.

"It was gay enough inside, but outdoors the storm was even worse than ever. It was long noteworthy, I hear, even in the history of that stormy State. When the ball was over, then, Mistress Quimby and Priscilla were only too glad to be asked to take seats in a coach of one of their friends. You know well enough, Jean, I went with them. How merry we were and how we railed each other on our rather sorry plight! But there was danger without. The roads were bad and black; our coachman had lingered all evening at the village tavern; the four horses were hard to manage. Suddenly the coach overturned; the ladies, all in their hoops and fine dresses, the men, in their ruffles, were thrown headlong. Only one was hurt.

"Priscilla lay there on the ground, white, unconscious. We carried her to the president's house,

near-by, and I hastened for the surgeon. She was badly hurt and about five weeks later she died. Strange, I saw somewhere there was no fatal accident that dreadful night, and most people thought only of the ludicrous discomfort of the storm. That's the way, Jeannie, in this world. The night was the saddest in all my life to me; yet nearly everyone else thought only of the fun, of the laughter in it."

Dusk was fast settling in as the Judge's niece played softly again the dear old tune,

O my luve is like the red, red rose.

The old bachelor's thoughts were lost in Dreamland, and way down the flood of time his youthful days pressed upon him.

O my luve is like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

His eyes were closed. "I know that song so well, Jean, dear," he murmured, "play it once more—dear—

And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

play it just—once—more."

KENNETH C. M. SILLS, '01

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